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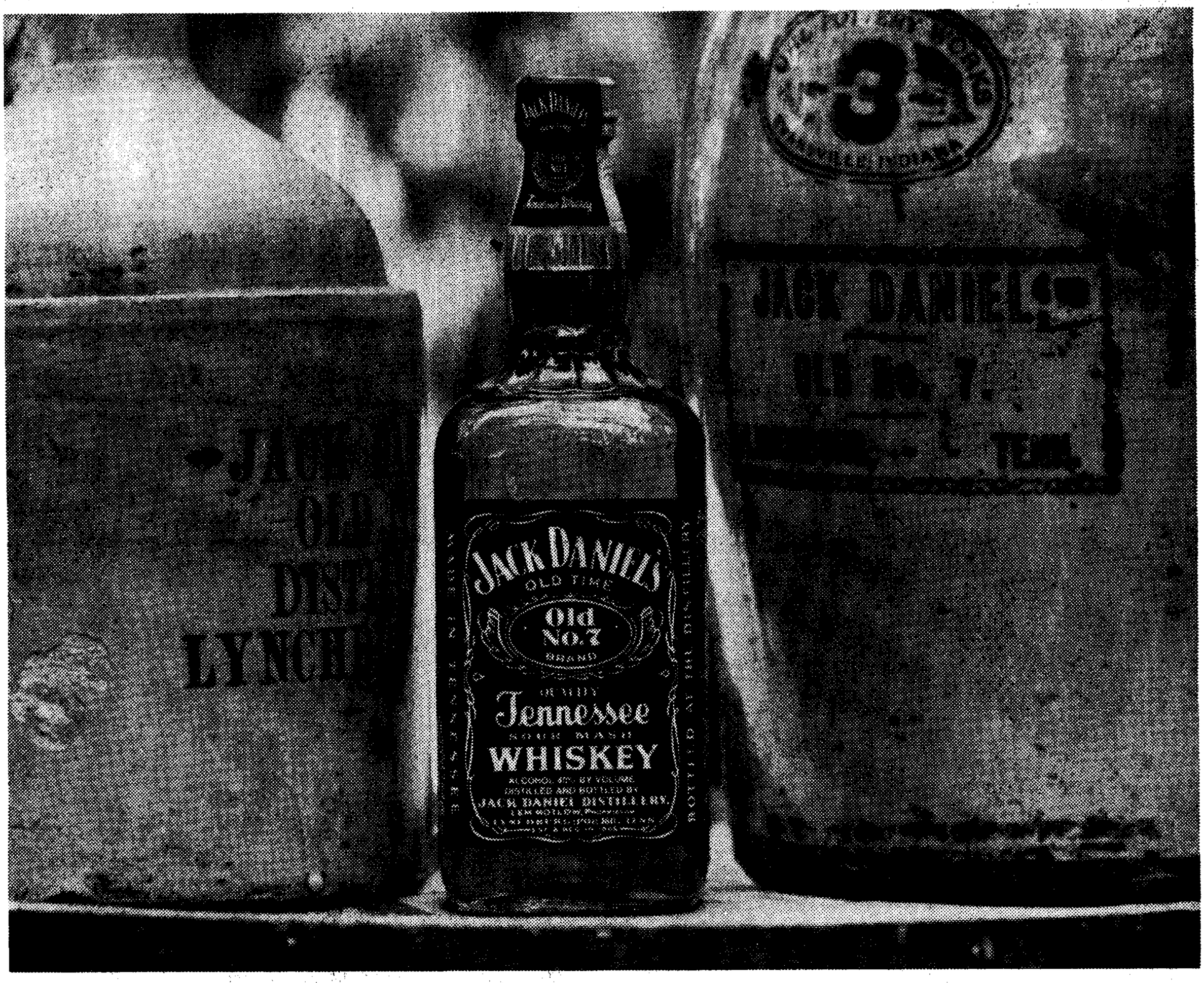

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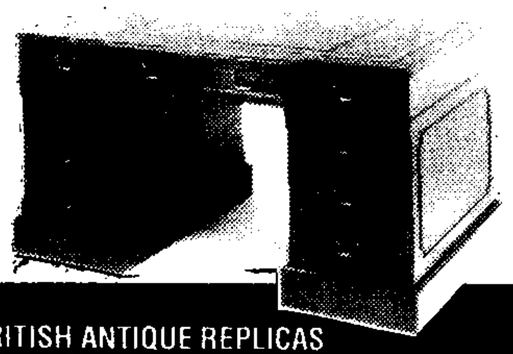

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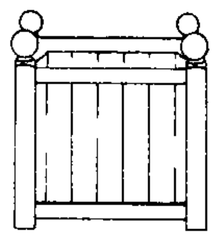

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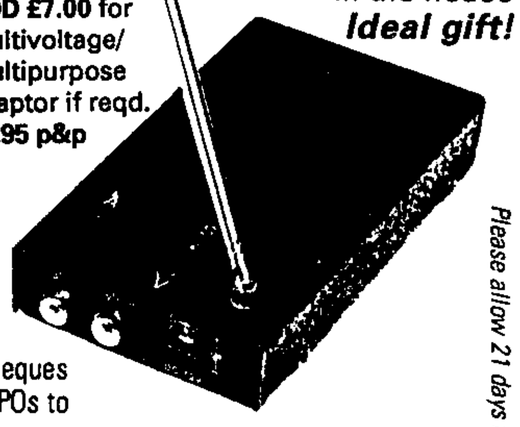

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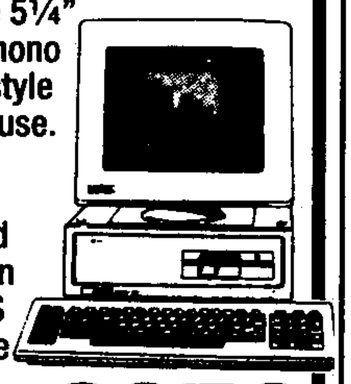

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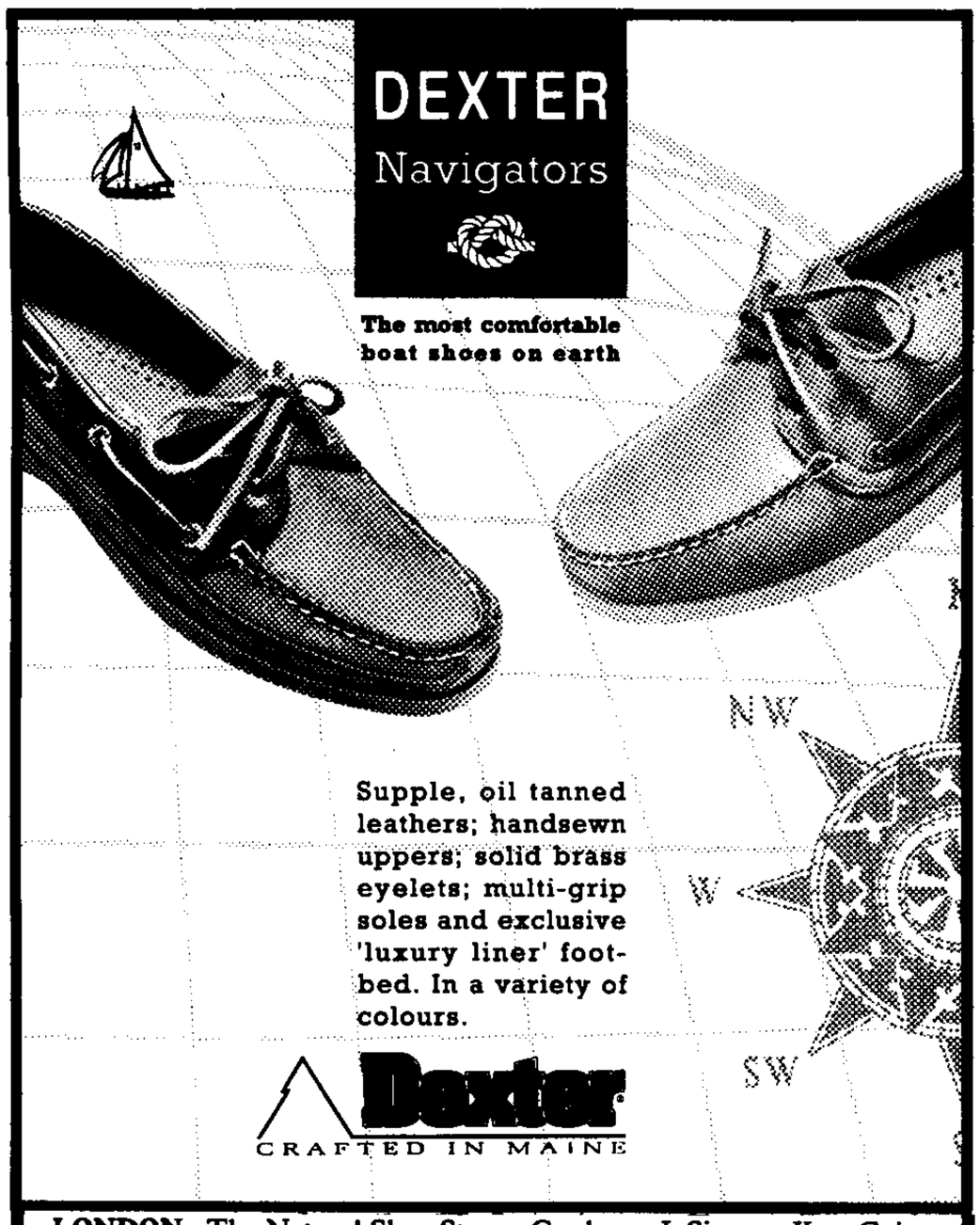
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I have therefore decided to take a pay cut for this year of £1,300,000.

Other captains of industry may gasp, but there is no doubt in my mind that only this sort of savage slashing of the salaries of Chief Executives will give the proper signal to the shop floor.

This year in the Gnome Organisation, for example, I am asking some people to accept a pay cut of 30 per cent. Most I have asked to accept 100 per cent due to their being sacked.

How could I do this if I were not myself prepared to accept a similarly fierce reduction in income myself?

A salary drop of £1.3 million, you may think, is going too far, but I have made my decision.

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COLOUR SECTION

PIN-DOWN SPECIAL

THE Curse of Gnome has well and truly struck in social worker-ridden Staffordshire where the tragic tale of tormented children cruelly abused by council social workers is currently splashed over the front pages of the national press.

For not only was *Private Eye* the first publication to reveal the plight of the hundred or so innocent waifs brutalised by the council's preposterous Ceaucescu-like torture practices, but we listed the allegations *a full year* before the Street of Shame had even found Stoke and Newcastle-under-Lyme on their road maps.

The accusations made in *Eye* 741 in May 1990 and throughout the last 13 months have now been ratified by the findings of the inquiry team Staffordshire council set up to look into pin-down.

The team, led by Cleveland abuse case investigator Allan Levy and Barbara Kahan, has, as the *Eye* predicted, discovered that Labour-run Staffs deployed a "harsh, restrictive and highly punitive regime" which would have been more at home in Khmer Rouge-run Cambodia than in England, the soot-soaked Potteries notwithstanding.

Under pin-down youngsters entrusted to Staffordshire's social services "carers", some aged only nine, were kept alone in bare rooms for days and sometimes weeks on end where they could find time to atone for their sins. If they were lucky they were fed. Naturally, all "capitalist" distractions — books, magazines, television, telephone calls, music and clothes other than underwear — were forbidden. Reveille was at 7am; lights-out at 7pm. Beds were bare metal frames without mattresses, permission for ablutions had to be obtained from a goon. Eventually, a pre-teen girl made a daring escape bid in her nightdress during the snow. A 10-year-old boy tried to bite himself to death and claw open his stomach with his fingernails.

That this system of punishment has been condemned by the inquiry team as a violation of human rights is a grotesque under-statement. Of more concern to those trying to ensure it doesn't recur in Staffs or take root elsewhere must be the brazen, arrogant unconcern of the ruling Labour administration on the now abolition-threatened county council, many of whom were only too aware of the vicious incidents taking place on council property and did next to nothing to stop it, nor offered even limited apology until the *Eye* broke the story.

Astonishingly, social services chairman Mike Poulter is now claiming that the department was unaware of the allegations of abuse until recently. The reality is that opposition Liberal councillors on Staffordshire council initially raised the problems of pin-down more than a year ago and spent many fruitless committee meetings vainly imploring bemused and disinterested Labour members to take remedial action before things got out of hand.

Not only has Poulter refused to resign to coincide with the publication of the inquiry's findings — the social services director then in charge has long gone — but he was recently reelected as committee chairman without any internal Labour opposition, such is the party's lack of concern over pin-down.

Now, as a result of the completion of the inquiry, 10 Staffs social workers, including Tony Latham, the "brains" behind pin-down, have been told to take special leave on full pay, euphemistically denied as being suspension by image-conscious council leaders.

Predictably, top officers from the humiliated department have responded to the controversy by threatening to spend a further £2 million on "improving" its social services work. Meanwhile union barons, who have reacted to the sorry saga with wide-eyed astonishment that their members could have behaved thus, have magically discovered a panacea to the crisis which involves bigger wages and more ambitious recruitment drives. Only a cynic would suggest that it was the preponderance of social workers and "policies" that caused all the trouble in the first place.

NOT EVERYONE is happy about the £6 million refit of the Sealink ferry Stena Hibernia, which sails between Holyhead and Ireland.

It seems the entire design has been aimed at forcing passengers into the expensive restaurants and shops, rather than provide them with reclining chairs for all-night crossings.

There has also been some difficulty with the duty free shop, which is so narrow it can only handle a trickle of customers. Several times recently there have still been passengers who have not had their "duty free" by the time the ferry reaches the other side. In such cases the Hibernia crew have orders to "bend the rules in a positive direction" and allow the duty free shop to do business even when the ferry is berthed — which is entirely illegal.

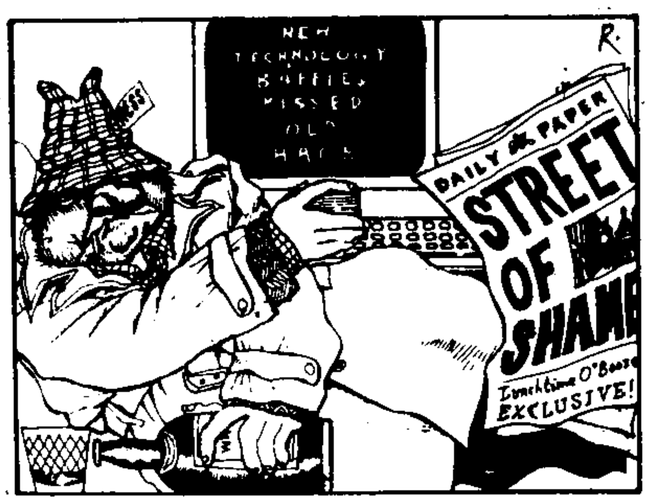
ONE BOMB exploded in one litter bin in one London railway station three months ago and British Rail reacted with typical aplomb: it removed all the litter bins from all its stations.

The public is now required to throw rubbish on to the ground, whatever the warnings from Westminster and other councils about the penalties awaiting them. And when asked if the litter bins were ever coming back, a British Transport Police spokesman said: "I believe we are having a meeting early next month."

How The British Legal System Works: No. 94

●**1991**: The Director of Public Prosecutions decides not to prosecute Sonia Sutcliffe for perjury on the grounds of insufficient evidence.

●**1990:** The Attorney General prosecutes *Private Eye* for contempt of court over the Sutcliffe case. The case is thrown out. The Attorney General appeals. The editor and magazine are fined and the editor is threatened with imprisonment.



Q: WHY is Juliet Warman, the killer bimbo who works as assistant features editor of *Today*, now referred to by her colleagues as "Fingers"?

A: Because she has been caught with her fingers in the till.

The felony came to light just over a fortnight ago, when a sub-editor on the entertainment page complained to his boss that the preview of films on television was not only dreadfully written but also peppered with errors — wrong films, wrong dates, wrong stars. For instance, the preview of a satellite TV screening of *Batman* read: "Robin joins the caped crusader to lay low evil Jack Nicholson" — when every child knows that Robin does not appear in the *Batman* movie.

The copy, which ostensibly came from an agency called Network Features, had been passed on to the showbiz section by Juliet Warman. Since she was out to lunch at the time, inquiries were made by the features editor herself, Tessa Hilton, who soon discovered that "Network Features" was a front for one Vivian Ashworth, who just happens to be la Warman's husband. More to the point, he is not a journalist at all, but a not-very-successful businessman.

And so the scam was revealed. For months, Warman had been providing her features pages with all sorts of pisspoor articles from Network Features and then authorising large payments to the "agency". For supplying brief and inaccurate TV-film previews, her hubby was paid £170 a time, even though the normal rate for the job was less than half that. It is still not certain just how much dosh was diverted by Warman to Ashworth's company during the past year — but it certainly runs into thousands. One not untypical payment of £800 was billed as being for "Madonna background research".

Following an Inspector Knacker-style investigation by Hilton and managing editor John Honeywell, la Warman was not expected to be seen again in the *Toady* office. Yet she was let off with nothing more than a mild reprimand. Is this because new editor Martin Dunn doesn't wish his reign to be clouded by scandal so soon? Or does he fear the wrath of the News Corp auditor — not to mention the penny-pinching Digger himself — if news of Warman's unusual accounting methods were to be made public?

WHEN Andreas Whittam-Strobes and Matthew Symonds launched their coup against Stephen Glover and the *Sindie* last month, they forgot to install a "minder" to prevent Glover from sabotaging the paper in the three remaining weeks before they were due to take over.

It was a costly error. First, Glover (who is a Conservative) wrote an astonishing editorial which committed the paper to supporting the Labour Party. This drove Whittam-Strobes into a fury, as intended; yet still he allowed Glover to edit the paper for another fortnight.

Glover's farewell issue, last Sunday, was therefore littered with booby-traps undermining readers' confidence in the paper's future. A news story on page two reported that two more senior hacks had quit in protest at the takeover of the *Sindie* by its daily sibling. Henry Streep-Porter's column ended with the observation that "next week is a different matter and it's difficult to say whether I will be here". Over in the Review, Sebastian Faulks revealed that "this is the last column I shall be writing for this newspaper", while Maureen Freely wrote that many of her colleagues were "thinking of making themselves redundant". Even an interview with Stephen Hawking managed to mention, rather ingeniously, that the job of the paper's arts editor, Michael Church, was in jeopardy. More mischievously still, young-fogey political pundit Andrew Gimson commented sarcastically that he was having to make way for the "older generation" in the form of the "sprightly" Peter Jenkins — news guaranteed to provoke mass cancellation of orders.

Even the paper's literary comic-strip, drawn by Martin Rowson, included a sly reference to the mass exodus: the fretful character being asked if he still had a job was Blake Morrison, the *Sindie*'s books editor. In fact, Morrison is one of the few hacks on the paper who is staying put and who claims to be optimistic about the future. But the future of Rowson's comic-strip now looks rather less secure.

TWENTY Things You Never Knew About Matthew Symonds: this feature about Andreas Whittam Strobes's grotesque sidekick will now run as an episodic serial to prevent readers dying of a surfeit by ingesting too much about the man at one sitting.

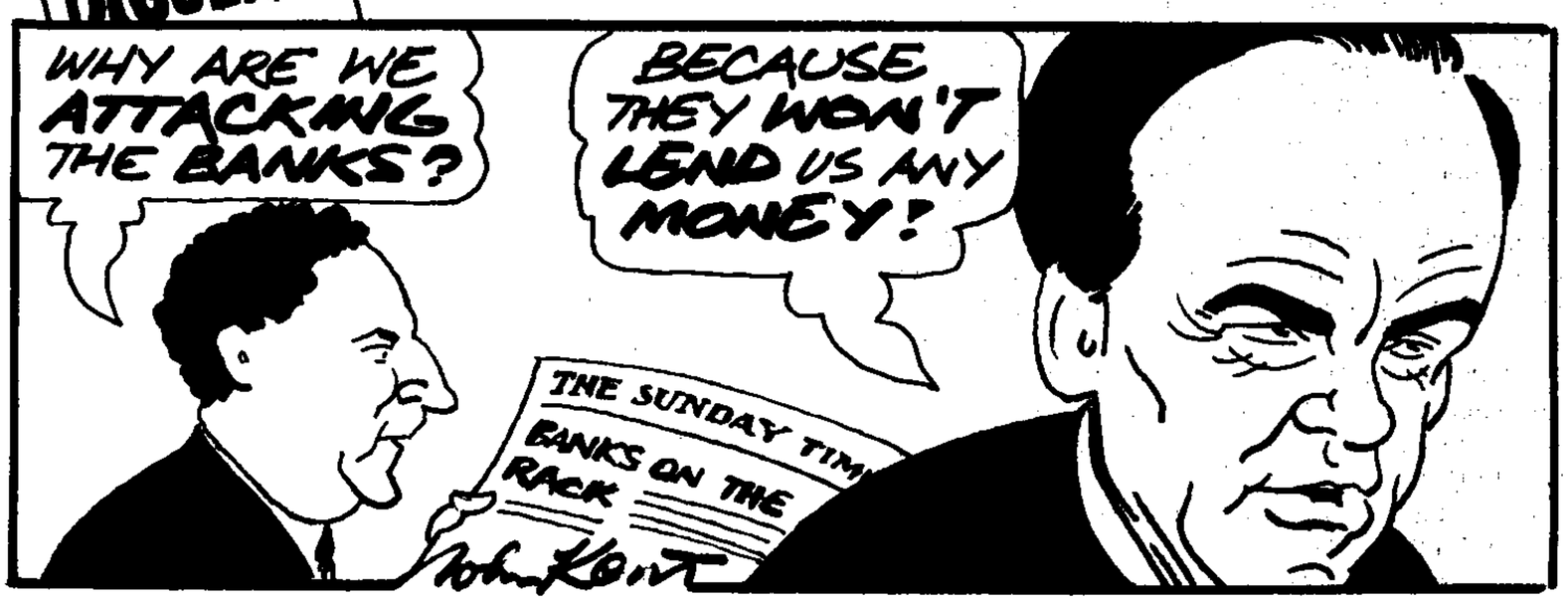
Episode One. The scene: the first floor of the Indie office, at 10 o'clock one morning last week. Symonds and the newspaper's chairman, Lord Sieff, are waiting for the lift. When it arrives, however, the lift-car is full.

The hamster-cheeked lothario acts swiftly. "You!" he shouts at a post-room operative in the middle of the crowd who is taking the morning's mail to higher floors. "Get out of the lift!"

The startled worker refuses. "I'm only doing my job," he points out.

Symonds repeats his order. "I have with me here the chairman and we're going to the 9th floor. Now get out."

Eventually, after a further imperious command, the mail-man obeys. "All right, *sir*," he says with heavy sarcasm as he emerges from the lift — whereupon he pushes his post-trolley vigorously in the direction of the hated Symonds. To the sorrow of the many spectators, it narrowly misses.



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Independent On Sunday, 2 June 1991

MYSTIFYING and possibly defamatory quote from Eve Pollard, late of the *Sunday Mirror*, on her ex-employer Robert Maxwell: "It is like being with a larger version of Sylvester Stallone."

In the same interview, published in *Marketing Week* last month, la Bollard revealed: "There is an anti-sleaze feeling at the moment — I don't know if society is more moral these days, maybe more hypocritical, definitely more informed, but I do consciously cut the sleaze down."

A glance at the last couple of issues of the *Sunday Mirror* edited by Lady Lloyd before her departure reveals just what she means. "Teen Wife Tells Of Life Under The Spell Of Sex Hypnotist: WHY I WED MRS EVIL EYES" was the front page splash on 5 May, while the following week's cover was filled with the huge headline: "SEX FIEND STALKS TV STARS: Guard on Beauties in Terror".

These two issues also included: a huge colour photo of "Cadbury's Flake girl" Debbie Leng clad in a rubber bodice and fishnet tights, wielding a cane ("Plot to Sell Steamy Video of Rock Star's Romps with Cadbury Girl"); a long interview with "blonde Sandy Ashford" revealing how "she became pervert Nelson's sex slave"; a half-page story about how Hannah Matthews's "sexy birthday surprise" had been spoilt by the wandering hands of a male kissogram; a report that "Hollywood hunk Kevin Costner spent two nights watching raunchy go-go dancers strip down to their G-strings"; and colour photos of "shamed soccer star Diego Maradona" wearing a mini-skirt and fishnet stockings.

If this is what Bollard regards as "cutting down", what'd she print if (God forbid) she ever decided to go in for sleaze?

AS THE *Sunday Express*, under the leadership of former *YOU* magazine editor Eve Pollard (alias Lady Lloyd), limbers up to challenge the *Mail on Sunday* for middle-market Sunday readers, Nicholas "Ratboy" Gordon, the present editor of *YOU*, has been behaving in an increasingly eccentric manner.

Ratboy's first actions on being told that Associated Newspapers had granted him an extra £5 million with which to fight off La Bollard's challenge, were to book a junket to Eire for senior editorial staff (riding, tennis, golf or shooting available in between brainstorming sessions at a five-star hotel), and to hire Tom McGurk, only recently sacked from the *MoS* for gross incompetence on a foreign assignement in Brazil. No doubt *MoS* editor Stewart Steven will be highly amused at Ratboy's attempt at one-upmanship.

HACKS AT McMaxwell Towers, Anderston Quay — the Glasgow HQ of Cap'n Bob's *Daily Record* and *Sunday Mail* newspapers — have reacted imaginatively to the bloated publisher's latest cost-cutting exercise.

In the company toilets, soft loo paper has been replaced by the tracing-paper variety familiar to those who attended the grimmest public schools and public lavatories.

One Maxwell employee has, at great personal expense, replaced some of the new loo rolls with paper of the finest quality. This paper has an extra special characteristic: a picture of Cap'n Bob's face emblazoned on to every single sheet.

WHY did the *News of the Screws* serialise the book *Stephanie, the Autobiography of a Transsexual*?

Answer: Because smut sells papers, of course. But there is another answer, also related to sex. Roy Stockdill, the *News of the World* literary editor (*What that, Ed?*) enjoys an interest in East African affairs with literary agent Ms C. Doyle. And she represents Stephanie. As they say, Uganda makes the world go round!

ONE OF THE many problems faced by Upper Class Twit of the Year William Waldegrave, aka the Secretary of State for Health, is the minister responsible for health in Wales, Nicholas Bennett.

Mr Bennett is a wild and fanatical right-winger, more at home at a Thatcherite No Turning Back Group dinner than in the National Health Service. He was a strong supporter of the nuttily right-wing Tory candidate at the Monmouth by-election, Roger Evans, and has let it be known in the dwindling Thatcherite ranks in Wales that Waldegrave is dripping wet and should be replaced by someone who really knows and cares about privatising the health service... someone like Mr Bennett perhaps?

WHY IS the Government delaying its long-awaited announcement on the fast rail link between the Channel Tunnel and London? Because it knows it dare not announce any more awkward news in the run-up to the general election.

Any announcement would oblige Conservative candidates in the volatile south-east to say where they stand on the issue. By continuing to fudge the issue, they can all murmur comforting generalities about being concerned to safeguard the environment, etc etc, and leave it at that.

The truth is that the Government and British Rail intend to dump on the people of Kent and south-east London and it will be much easier to do so after the votes are in — particularly from those tricky marginal seats on the chosen route. And it'll be the same whoever wins the election as Labour has the same policy.

SEAN WOODWARD, the Conservative Party's recently appointed director of communications, is ideally suited to communicating the current reverses of Tory policy and, as a caring man sympathetic to gay and left-wing issues, he is the perfect choice to dispel the negative image of a party full of reactionary old bigots.

The son of a man who worked his was up to be managing director of a retail firm, Woodward was educated at Bristol Grammar and Cambridge, where he fell under the spell of the Marxist-structuralist don, Stephen Heath. He helped Heath in the vociferous, though futile, campaign to reinstate another Marxist-structuralist, Colin McCabe, after the Cambridge English faculty had decided not to extend his university lectureship. Woodward's loyalties in this struggle were much appreciated.

After leaving Cambridge with a first in English, Woodward worked for the National Consumer Council. At the same time he underwent a crisis of uncertainty about his sexuality. He befriended a homosexual architect, Ewan McCloud, and was introduced to a sophisticated gay set.

In 1982 Woodward joined Esther Rantzen's *That's Life* as a researcher and within a couple of years was associate producer. His greatest triumph at *That's Life* was the mawkish story of "Baby" Ben Hardwick, the three-year-old who needed a liver transplant. Woodward and Esther subsequently co-authored a book on the subject and then came up with the idea for Childline, another headline-grabber.

When Camilla Sainsbury, daughter of millionaire Tory MP Tim Sainsbury, wrote to Esther with a request to work for *That's Life*, she was immediately given a job in the aftercare section of Esther's team (responsible for calling up companies about which *That's Life* viewers have complained). This humble role was not hers for long, though. Daddy made a donation to the Childline project and within a fortnight of joining the *That's Life* team, Camilla Sainsbury was made a director of Childline.

Esther was not the only person interested in Camilla's many outstanding qualities: Woodward and Camilla were married in 1987 and moved into a huge pile in Campden Hill Square. The less Marxist Woodward now loves to show off his Jaguar XJS convertible (replaced annually) to his friends.

The Sainsburys are substantial contributors to Conservative Party funds, yet it was surely Woodward's vast experience as a producer with *That's Life* (and his limited experience as a producer with *Panorama* and *Newsnight*) which earned him the high-flying Central Office job. Woodward has recently declared: "I come from a background that is a sort of Major background."

THE ATTACK by Labour MP Dale Campbell Savours on Tory front organisations masquerading as charities has caused some dismay at the Institute of Economic Affairs, the far-right "free enterprise" pressure group which has always denied without much conviction that it is connected to the Tory Party.

Any formal connection with the Tories, of course, would play havoc with the institute's charitable status and could lead, as a result, to a rather nasty tax bill. Consequently, the top brass at the institute have been seeking to remove all traces of their close links with 10 Downing Street.

In particular, the institute chiefs have been anxious to draw a veil over the coordination of certain well-publicised IEA booklets with initiatives in government policy. For instance, Mr Major's recent apparent conversion (during a visit to Germany) to the idea of a United Europe coincided dramatically with the IEA's document, *Europe's Constitutional Future*, which argued that Britain should be more "pro-active" about Europe. Then again, the IEA's document, *Government By Contract*, blended beautifully with the Government's recent talk about a "citizen's charter". Neither of these two coordinations could have taken place without the sort of close cooperation with 10 Downing Street which might worry the Charity Commission.

Another problem for the IEA is the position of Lord Vinson, a crusted old Tory who takes the Tory whip in the House of Lords. Only last year Lord Vinson became chairman of the IEA Trustees, some of whom are worried about the very obvious link he provides to the Tory Party. What if the beastly Campbell-Savours were to ask about the Tory lord and his chairmanship? It is likely sooner rather than later that Lord Vinson may resign as chairman and perhaps even as trustee.

REVELATIONS in the recent BBC *Horizon* programme that the poisoning of the water at Camelford, east Cornwall, has led to long-term illness in some of those who drank it has not bothered the area's MP, the newly-knighted (and extremely pompous) Sir Gerrard ("call me Gerry") Neale.

The day after the programme, Neale denounced it on television as "ill-timed". "It will hurt the tourist trade," he whined, "and can only upset people all over again." He took the same line during the making of the programme, when he rang the producer, Paul Clayton, to tell him the film would harm the tourist trade, where, Mr Neale alleged, he had a lot of friends.

Mr Clayton is believed to have replied simply that he was worried about a lot of people who had been poisoned. Neale put the phone down.

On 26 July last year, Neale engaged in a sycophantic exchange of House of Commons platitudes with the junior health minister, Stephen Dorrell. Neale pressed the minister not to hold a public inquiry into the Camelford scandal. It would, he reckoned, "divert attention away from medical research". Dorrell at once agreed and described the people in Camelford who were carrying out their own independent tests as having "a malicious intent in using public concerns for their own short-term gains".

Unabashed by this ridiculous insult, and unvisited by Gerry Neale, the Camelford group pursued their own inquiries, which resulted in the shocking evidence unveiled by *Horizon*. Big lawsuits against the newly-privatised South West Water Authority are in the pipeline, and Neale's enthusiasm for privatisation and for the tourist trade might lose him a lot of votes in a marginal seat.

"They've all agreed — this is the venue for the Northern Ireland talks"

A LATE burst from John Carlisle, pig fancying Tory MP for Luton North, puts him among the leaders for the coveted Rudest Parliamentarian of The Year Award.

Carlisle showed his class in a letter to Mrs Rosemary Marshall of Aylesbury about the Pig Husbandry Bill. After a deceptively polite start — "Dear Mrs Marshall, Thank you for your letter..." — the gloves came off and Piglet stormed: "Perhaps you would care to relate to me the following: 1. Whether you have ever seen a live pig. 2. What experience you have of sows farrowing. 3. When you were last in a pigsty picking up dead piglets that had been rolled on by their mother. I have no doubt that the answers to the above questions will be negative, in which case I suggest that you concern yourself with a subject about which you have some knowledge rather than displaying your obvious ignorance..."

As Mrs Marshall says, the bill dealt with sow stalls and tethers and made no mention of farrowing crates; but who would dare question Carlisle's expertise? After all he boasts to Mrs Marshall: "My family has kept pigs since the turn of the century" and it clearly takes one to know one.

THE ultra-rich European Parliamentary Labour Party has found a new way to spend its money: subsidising Tory newspapers.

Without even discussing the matter with the MEPs, the EPLP bureaucracy has lobbed out £77,770 to pay for adverts in rags like the *Sun*, *Today* and the *News of the World*, all owned by Rupert Murdoch. All three papers carried two huge adverts for the New Model Labour Party.

One MEP, Michael Hindley, complained. Wasn't this just handing out precious money to the arch-enemy? he asked. Diane Hayter, the EPLP's thrusting chief executive, thought otherwise. She replied, modestly: "Our attractive and pointed adverts have helped Labour in the local elections, in the Monmouth by-election and in the opinion polls."

'Backbiter'

MR JAMES ROSS

Last week in the High Court of Justice we unreservedly withdrew allegations which we published of Mr James Ross in 1987. Additionally, we agreed to pay him a substantial sum in compensation together with all his legal costs.

In court we acknowledged that there was no truth in our allegation that he has in the past been involved in recruiting mercenaries and other mercenary pursuits. Likewise, we accepted that there was no truth in our suggestion that he was involved in a conspiracy to abduct and murder a Mr Gerry Gable.

We accepted that he was not a party to such activities and we apologised to Mr Ross for the damage and distress which our allegations caused him.

TO AFTERNOON tea with chums at Ford open prison, West Sussex, where the inmates are growing a little tired of the constant whingeing of one of their number that he is the victim of the greatest injustice of the century.

The complainant is of course Tony "The Animal" Parnes, who earned his affectionate nickname in happier days as London's top stockbroker.

Parnes was so confident he would be paroled as soon as he was eligible that he simply couldn't stomach it when the Parole Board turned him down. Not that he hasn't got parole — he gets it in July — but Parnes was expecting it in May and so could not perform for all the reporters and cameramen who by chance appeared at the prison gate on the very morning he had told everyone he would be leaving.

Perhaps the most humiliating aspect of the board's decision is that Parnes will be beaten out of prison by his fellow defendant, Ernest Saunders, even though Saunders's sentence was for five years and Parnes's only 18 months.

Parnes, however, has nothing but admiration for Sanders's sudden illness and the way it has been portrayed in the media. The *Daily Express* **was especially fulsome about the poor old codger who is, in the newspaper's opinion, quite incapable of serving out a relatively light sentence for massive swindling. For myself, I am still trying to work out the meaning of Saunders's reply when he was complimented on the** *Express***'s drooling front page. Most curiously he said: "You should have seen the first draft." Whatever can this mean?**

● *MY APOLOGIES for a gross calumny on my friend, Red Ken, whom I reported as calling Neil Kinnock a psychopath at a recent dinner.*

Ken assures me that he was actually comparing the late Mrs Thatcher and the Labour leader, saying that the choice was between a "psychopath and a windbag". That is much more loyal and explains everything.

ON 12 MAY poor old Pratt-Dumpster claimed in his *Mail on Sunday* diary to have spotted gourgeous pouting Pamella Bordes "lunching my old friend, her former escort, *Observer* editor Donald Trelford, the man she once dubbed 'little pixie'."

However, by the following week the story had changed somewhat. Without wishing to give the impression that he was making a correction, Dumpster had to admit that "she was sighted in close proximity to... *Observer* editor Donald Trelford. He says: 'We were lunching at The Ivy but with different people. I didn't see her but apparently she was around the corner.'" From the way it was written, a reader might almost think that Dumpster was describing two separate incidents. Anyway, everybody knows that nowadays the serious and highly intellectual Pamella has foresaken the likes of Donald "Busy" Trelford and Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill. She only lunches with Dumpster's loony friend "Dick" West.

Pseuds Corner

FIFTY REASONS WHY I LOVE BOB DYLAN AS HE TURNS 50

He is not dead.
He looks his age.
He sings like a swarm of bees.
He is interested in the names God gave to animals.
He plays guitar like James Joyce...
He is not a slave trader...
He didn't die on a cross at 33...
He wears sensible shoes...
He is not Elvis...
He is not dead.

BONO
Sunday Tribune

KURDS driven into the mountains of despair by terror. Millions in Africa menaced by famine and war. Millions more in Bangladesh victims of the storm.

So many disasters. So many in need. Seldom in so short a space of time has there been such a succession of competing demands upon compassion.

The charities and the fund-raisers do all they can in their different ways to keep the aid flowing.

Princess Anne urges people to skip lunch to save a life in Africa.

The pop stars belt out their songs to raise cash for the Kurds.

And this morning the Daily Mail does what newspapers are best at doing: We humanise the suffering. We have gone behind the symbolic picture of misery in Bangladesh. We found that little girl who clutched the baby in her arms. We have traced the family. We tell the story.

That is our way.

EDITORIAL
Daily Mail

Sometimes life would hit me so hard that I'd crawl around on all fours unable to stand up. For days I hid under the smoked glass table top, curled up foetus-like as if I had a great membrane round me. Grace, who was then only eight, would pass meals to me, coaxing me outside. Sometimes she would literally force my mouth open to say my Buddhist chant.

SANDIE SHAW
Sunday Times

Now Helen Chadwick has also turned to urine, using the fluid to comment on sexuality.

Working up to her next exhibition she is producing a series of sculptures cast from the patterns made by a man and a woman urinating in the snow. Preliminary work for *Piss Flowers* was done last February in Canada with the collaboration of two male assistants who were required to drink a lot.

She explained the artistic process: "The female pissed in snow to create an inverted phallus. The males complemented it by urinating around it to create a bisexual form which resembles a flower. A man can draw with it, while a woman is confined to a particular point." She sees it as a way of "collapsing gender differences and erecting new kinds of forms to confront stereotyped images."

Independent

CONTRIBUTORS: Eamonn Lenihan, John Stones, I. Shannon, Anon.

£10 paid for entries

● *I AM GLAD to see that the Prudential's notorious chief executive, Mick Newmarch, now has a house more in keeping with his modest salary of £546,673 a year.*

It is in the best part of Chelsea, to which he moved from the flat in Nash Terrace, Regent's Park, bought for him by the Pru for £750,000 in 1987. His new residence, which cost more than twice as much, should satisfy his vast ego for at least a year or two.

Buying it, however, caused a slight problem. Not surprisingly Mick intended to use one of the Pru's own ill-fated estate agents, but — enraged at finding them closed — used a competitor instead.

Meanwhile, the Pru's low reputation for sagacity will not be improved by its decision to part company with its political adviser, Keith McDowall, Neil Kinnock's favourite trade union leader's favourite PR man.

Mrs McDowell is of course none other than the gourgeous pouting Brenda Dean of SOGAT, and this is surely not a good time for the Pru to lose her husband, appointed less than three years ago mainly as a insurance policy against the advent of a Labour government.

Ironically "Sir" Tim Bell continues to be retained by the Pru — presumably as an insurance against the return of the Iron Lady (Who she? Ed.)

AFTER reading the first episode of Melvyn Bragg's money-for-old-rope "serial novel" in *Esquire* **magazine, I doubt if I shall read the future instalments.**

The only mildly amusing passage is the description of a character called Martha Potter: "Feet, too big and splay. Legs egg-white, hairless and stocky, topped by sumo thighs. Belly folds that cascaded over a crotch once boasted as, and still, insatiable; but now stabled in monogamy... Breasts formerly her glory now sagging? flopping? pendulous? and needing all the technology of the latest bra... Face — she could make no comment on it, as, alas, did few others." Thus, la Potter, described as a "successful metropolitan journalist, in her forties", who specialises in killer interviews.

For some reason, Bragg's unflattering picture of this entirely fictional character has provoked outrage in his arch-enemy Lynn "Barbie-Doll" Barber. Why should this be, I wonder?

● *I AM MOVED to see a letter in the Spectator from Rory Knight-Bruce, the pukka editor of the Evening Standard's Londoner's Diary, uttering a heartfelt plea for the rights of animals. He is particularly upset at the idea that carcases of dead pigs might be used for sport.*

I would be more moved, however, if I didn't happen to know that Rory derives his greatest pleasure in life from pursuing terrified foxes up hill and down dale. Such is his passion for blood-sports, indeed, that he has recently been appointed joint-master of his local hunt.

The generous salary he receives from Lord Rothermere is unable to meet the costs of Knight-Bruce's expensive hobby, and I understand that he has now been forced to take a second job to pay for the upkeep of his horse and hounds. At weekends the absurd hack can now be found serving behind the bar of a pub in Corscombe, Dorset, much to the amusement of the rustic yokels who come to gawp at him.

The name of this hostelry, fittingly enough, is The Fox.

Pip Pip!

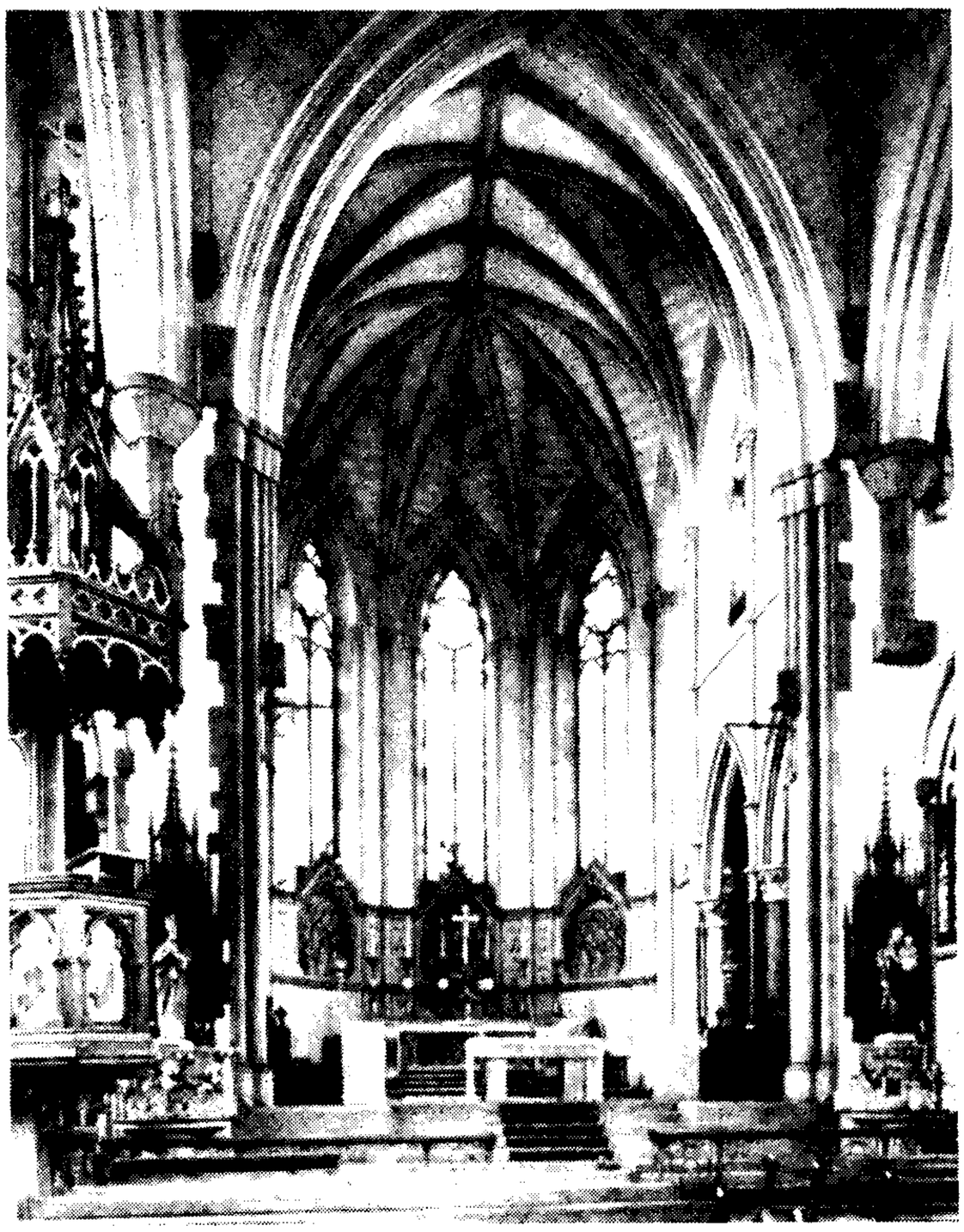
NOOKS and CORNERS

IT IS NOT only Winnie Mandela who likes to make decorative use of old car tyres. Some 3,000 of the things were recently placed in and around Mount St Mary's Church, Richmond Hill, in Leeds. As the local councillor observed, people living near this former Roman Catholic church were "sitting on a fire bomb", so Leeds council workmen removed them. Thirteen lorry loads were taken away.

But surely nobody could want to set fire to this forlorn building? A magnificent Gothic Revival pile, it is one of the largest Roman Catholic churches in Britain. It was begun in 1852 by Joseph Hansom and richly furnished transepts and a sanctuary were added in 1866 by E.W. Pugin, the prolific mad son of the great A.W.N. Pugin. Until a few years back, the building was happily used for worship by a large congregation. Then the order that ran the church, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, based in Dublin, threw in the towel, told them to go elsewhere and simply shut up shop.

Since then the listed building has stood decaying, boarded up and pointlessly redundant. A scheme to convert it into sheltered housing foundered, but the site attracted the attention of "Yorkshire property tycoon" Mr Trevor Guy, who first proposed to redevelop Mount St Mary's with a private nursing home and "community centre" while retaining the eastern parts of the church for worship. But nothing has happened and, indeed, Mr Guy does not yet own the building as contracts have yet to be exchanged.

Even so, Mr Guy feels able to take vigorous action to secure the building's future. He recently ripped out the contents of the church, including the altar, pulpit, font and screens, and sold them to a church furnishing firm. This, he says, was done for "safekeeping" and he has also employed two men for more than a year to protect the building from



vandals. Curious that these men could not stop people dumping those highly inflammable tyres — even *inside* the church.

This great church was built as a proud gesture of Roman Catholic ascendancy to rival Dr Pusey's nearby Anglican church of St Saviour (which, ironically, now shelters the exiled Roman Catholic congregation). It now stands as yet another monument to the Roman Catholic church's general abandonment of its historic mission and its contempt for both historic buildings and aesthetic standards. Of course, the Oblates are a law unto themselves, although the Archbishop of Leeds did nothing to stop the church closing. Not that there is anything unusual about this story; indeed, it is less shocking than the Church of England's cynical murder of St Edward's, Holbeck, in Leeds (*Eye* 511). It is also par for the course in the Roman Catholic Church: E.W. Pugin's St Francis's, Gorton, Manchester, also sits boarded up and decaying — this once flourishing church having been abandoned by the Franciscans — while St Francis Xavier, Liverpool, would have gone the same way if not for very unusual lay parochial resistance (*Eye* 511 etc). And never forget the weekend-demolition of St Benedict's, Drumchapel, Glasgow (*Eye* 764). But the present state of Mount St Mary's is a disgrace and a scandal, nonetheless.

JUST occasionally, very occasionally, true democracy works and virtue has its reward. Just such an unusual event occurred recently in Leek, but as this was totally ignored by the national press, it deserves reporting here, particularly as the catalyst was the town centre redevelopment scheme which has appeared in this column *passim ad nauseam*.

Readers will recall how the Conservative-dominated Moorlands District Council had been determined to inflict a shopping centre of numbing mediocrity on the fair Staffordshire market town, contemptuously regardless of hostile public opinion. Well, I am happy to say that the good people of Leek (and of similarly-threatened Cheadle) have had their revenge.

In the local elections early in May, independent and non-party political ratepayer candidates succeeded in winning control of the council at the expense of both the Labour and Conservative parties. The Conservatives, indeed, lost 16 seats, including that of the Council Leader, Councillor "Susan" Newall. Hurrah! I now look forward to the abandonment of the wretched town centre scheme and the repair of the terrible damage done to this fine town by fifth-rate architects, greedy businessmen and philistine, self-seeking politicians. Or is that too much to hope for?

'Piloti'

OCTOBER SURPRISE

MEDIA and congressional attention in the United States over allegations that George Bush and the late CIA director William Casey bribed or induced the Iranian government not to release the American hostages, thus depriving Jimmy Carter of possible reelection when he stood against Ronald Reagan, is gathering momentum.

A fascinating affidavit has come to light, sworn by William Northrop, a former Mossad agent who was arrested in an undercover operation in Bermuda with the late Cyrus Hashemi and charged with the illegal export of arms to Iran. An Israeli general called Bar-Am was also charged, but none of the defendants ever went to court. Hashemi later died in London in mysterious circumstances.

The affidavit of Northrop, who now lives in Israel, claims that:

● In the summer of 1980 President Carter and Israeli Prime Minister Begin agreed to start supplying the Iranians with military equipment, such as tyres for F-4 aircraft and spares for the Hawk radar system.

● In December 1980 an Israeli general, Menachem Meron, who was then military attaché at the Israeli embassy in Washington, asked Morris Amitay, an official of the American Israel Political Action Committee, to find out the new Reagan administration's policy on arms sales to Iran. Amitay contacted Richard Allen, the then national security adviser, and advised Meron that the new regime approved the secret sales. Meron later became director-general of the Israeli defence ministry and played a major part in the Iran/Contra affair.

● On 20 February 1981, Alexander Haig, the US Secretary of State, met Yitzak Shamir and discussed, among other things, the shipment of US-made weapons to Iran.

● During much of 1981 shipments of Israeli and American hardware were sent from Israel to Tehran via Larnaca, Cyprus.

● While all this was going on with the approval of all governments involved, the CIA was maintaining electronic surveillance on the Iranian purchasing office in Victoria.

● In May 1982, Ariel Sharon, then Israeli defence minister, told Haig and Casper Weinberger that the Israelis intended to sell $50 million worth of Israeli manufactured arms to Iran.

● In July 1982, the Israelis shipped 2,000 American-made Mk-669 fuses (manufactured in Texas) to Iran along with 90,000 hand grenades to a warehouse in Portugal for onward shipment.

All this, if true, would tend to show that while the American public were being told one thing, the Iranians were getting what they were promised: arms in return for not releasing the embassy hostages until after the November 1980 presidential election and Ronald Reagan's inauguration.

O.B.N.

The starving of the world must now wait while the British charities squabble about which of them shall live. No wonder the world's in a mess. Is there no one — no Mrs Thatcher — capable of banging their daft heads together, hard and quick?

ROBERT KILROY SILK
Daily Express

Already the message is rolling back from the doorsteps of the local government elections, and now from specific polls: the popularity and esteem of the Prime Minister run far ahead of his party's; he is positively liked and trusted by the, ah, people. This is all the charisma that will ever matter: does a politician's nature impinge itself upon the citizens and draw their affection and sympathy? It does, and frankly I always knew that Mr Major's would.

EDWARD PEARCE
Guardian

Submitted by R. Marriott, F. Marshall.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

TV

Question Time

(BBC1)

IN MANY ways, *Question Time* has been an exemplary television success story. Costing almost nothing, it was — as is ceaselessly related on the media pages of the broadsheet papers — thrown into the schedules in 1979 as a sticking plaster replacement for a cancelled series.

The rush-job origins of the project are betrayed by the fact that *Question Time* was a simple transplant to a different medium of the radio series *Any Questions?* The TV offspring was not even visually improved. This was radio on television. Even so, it rapidly became the week's must-watch among what were just beginning at the time to be called the chattering classes.

And, indeed, perhaps the most plausible explanation for the success of what was, after all, scarcely an obviously appealing format — three or four politicians spouting gobbets of party policy around a table — is that *Question Time* functioned as, if you like, chattering classes: lessons in topical chatter. Presented with the various sides of every issue — in a way which even the more serious newspapers would generally neglect to do — the viewer was able to shop for opinions to wear around dinner-tables and the work-place. The NHS? Yes, sir, we can offer you that one in left, right, centre or maverick. You want the same cloth cut for a woman, madam? Well, we usually have one in stock. Famine, sir? Yes, we can offer you that in compassionate, pragmatic, Essex-man or tender-but-tough. The chat was not always classy but it was useful.

In two senses, then, *Question Time* was a programme which got people talking. In recent months, the tone of the talk has changed. The chatter now is that the series is no longer necessary viewing. The chatter is correct — the series has noticeably weakened — and the reasons for the decline provide an illuminating tale.

The first fault, in fact, is not the BBC's. Like its radio original, *Question Time* is a victim of the greater sophistication of political image-control. With the possible exception of William Waldegrave, who has achieved a regular proximity between foot and mouth for which the skeleton was never intended, modern politicians have become ever more adept at either not saying very much or reproducing a deliberately neutered manifesto rhetoric. In this, the show has paid the penalty for its own success. Once it was established as the premier telly forum, invited guests were coached and preloaded with quotable material by their parties.

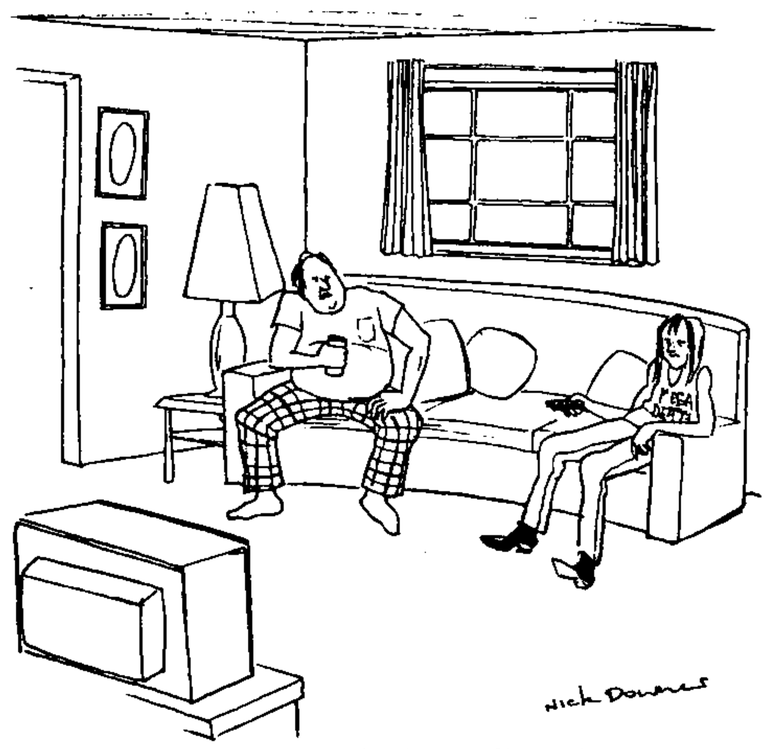
Image-manipulators also now regularly make available to the programme big (and reliable) ministers. whom they know the producers would rarely have the courage to refuse. (They irrationally fear "BBC lefties censor Health Minister" headlines.) Given the corporation's adherence to the idea of a three-party system, it is now the case that, in an average edition of *Question Time*, 75 per cent of the guests were engaged in party damage-limitation. In advance of an election for which the run-up has been longer than a West Indian fast-bowler's, this non-militant tendency has been particularly noticeable. Non-aligned guests have occasionally provided an indication of the effect on the proceedings of unconstrained speech. Perhaps it is a simple fact that, as politicians have become better at television, television with politicians has become worse.

The other serious flaw in the format is — as the popular chatter also correctly suggests — the chairmanship of Peter Sissons, a replacement when Sir Robin Day retired. It was felt at the time that Sir Robin was possibly a little too abrasive with the studio audience, whom he clearly regarded as somewhat dim and lucky to be permitted the chance — generally restricted to star broadcasters like himself — to put questions to senior statesmen.

In fact, Sissons's polite but dull performances now make clear that the format requires a chairman who is to some degree barmy, erratic or ill-tempered with civilians. This is, if you think about it, logical. In truth, the views of the studio audience are — despite the cult of The Ordinary Person among the younger television producers — rarely original or articulate and their contributions are now presented without the distracting sport of Sir Robin squashing them.

In short, the format is in trouble. When *Question Time* was recently selected as one of the BBC productions to be farmed out to an independent company, there was an opportunity to revamp the package. However, in a typical BBC solution, companies bidding for the contract were hamstrung by the requirement to retain chairman and set-up and to run the likely line-up of guests past a BBC monitor each week. Is this what was intended when the quota for BBC productions to be made by independent companies was imposed? A good one for the panel.

'Square Eyes'



"When I was your age I had to walk six feet, change the channel by hand and then walk the six feet back"

MEDIA NEWS

NOEL EDMONDS has bought the name, logo and format rights of the BBC television show *Telly Addicts*, which he presents, from its Pebble Mill producer, John King. Curiously, King is known at the BBC as the man who did not actually own the rights.

Soon after King became producer of *Telly Addicts* in 1985, he began to claim ownership of the show. Last year the BBC was approached by foreign broadcasters who wished to buy the format, and King attempted to sue the BBC to prevent the sale. In this, he failed; but he knew that if he sold the idea to Edmonds, the BBC would not risk a dispute with its highly valued presenter. And that is what King did, receiving £9,000 from Edmonds in return for the format rights. It goes without saying that Edmonds would never have been able to acquire the rights directly from the Beeb, which is not in the business of disposing of merchandising possibilities to third parties.

King's career has been remarkable for its mediocrity. A few years ago he was responsible for the disastrous *Saturday Night Affairs*, a show that involved eavesdropping on a group of celebs who would arrive in a studio and get pissed together without a host to discipline them. It came off faster than you can say "Lord Reith" and King moved on to *Telly Addicts*.

King has just been made managing editor of TV in the Midlands ("Queen of Pebble Mill" in camp BBC-speak) and his prime task is to slash jobs. Perhaps the first superfluous job he might care to slash is his own as series producer, which he holds in addition to his main job even though he has no series to produce.

In other areas King's proficiency in keeping costs down has not been fully appreciated. He has already spent £70,000 on converting the central courtyard of Pebble Mill into a studio by building a roof over it so that it can be used for recording live music. Unfortunately members of the personnel department complain that it is now impossible to work in their offices, which abutt the courtyard area, while such shows are being recorded because the din is so appalling.

CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
Controller BBC 1
LIFTS
BOARD OF GOVERNORS
Radio Times
"POWELL! LAST YEAR WE GAVE YOU AN EXTRA £20 MILLION TO MAKE MORE PEAK-TIME COMEDY PROGRAMMES!"
BUT NOBODY'S LAUGHING AT THEM!"
BAR
"OH YES THEY ARE"
BAR
ITV COMPANIES PRIVATE PARTY
"Trebles & Darling Buds of May all round!"
BBC RATINGS
Ken Pyne

I-BSkyB

Without doubt, snapping up US wrestling rights is Sky TV's smartest move. This will hook a generation.

GARRY BUSHELL
The Sun

England soccer fans say they are being ripped off by their team's frequent changes of strip.

Sky football commentator Martin Taylor spoke for many when he said he could see no reason for the change other than the "heavy hand of commercialism".

ANDREW PENMAN
Today

CONTRIBUTORS: D.R. Appleton, Paul Clark.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

THE *Times* and *Telegraph* declined to print the following letter from Wing Commander Derek Martin of Medmenham, Bucks. Media News is happy to oblige.

Sir,

As a founder-member of the Guinea Pig Club I watched with growing dismay the first instalment of ITV's A Perfect Hero last Friday. I thought I would try my hand at a little TV critique:

A PERFECT PRATT

When I heard that a six-part ITV programme was to be based (however loosely) on plastic surgery at East Grinstead I hoped that at last some of the stories of courage and endurance of the Guinea Pigs might see the light of day. Alas, ITV's A Perfect Hero was about a self-satisfied upper-class twit who spent most of his time before joining the air force in white tie and tails chatting up young girls.

There was the obligatory explicit bonking and then later our perfect hero (supposedly an experienced fighter pilot) was shown in a burning Spitfire shouting "What do I do?". Any pilot who did not know what to do when his aircraft was on fire deserved all he got. Fortunately one of his chums told him over the RT to bale out. Luckily for the series his parachute had not by that time caught fire and he was saved for another five episodes. By this time I was beginning to think that our own real and much-respected member of the Guinea Pig Club, pilot Jack Fleming, should be considering a libel action against whoever chose the name Hugh Fleming for the hero. I await the next five episodes with trepidation.

HACKS at Sky News have finally uncovered an interesting story — even if it does concern their own presenter Linda Duberley and her rapid rise to prominence inside their organisation.

First came her ever-more frequent assignments to the biggest stories and the main bulletins; then came a plum assignment to the grandly-named Washington bureau.

Linda Duberley was widely acknowledged as competent — but not brilliant; explanations for her rapid rise began to be suggested when a secretary working late discovered newsroom boss John O'Loan with Duberley in his office listening to a blow-by-blow account of her career plans.

The reaction of Sky owner, born-again Christian Rupert Murdoch, to the antics of his £100,000 a year news chief is awaited with interest.

THERE MAY be red faces at Walworth Road if the Labour Party ever vents its spleen on the robust and acquisitive Hanson Trust.

Party researchers looking back through the video files may fall upon the old television commercials boosting Hanson's capitalist-in-tooth-and-claw corporate image. And if they look closely, they're sure to recognise the presenter — none other than Labour's prospective parliamentary candidate for Hampstead, Glenda Jackson!

HACK WATCH No. 1: Nigel Dempster

NIGEL Dempster of the *Daily Mail* is, of course, the nation's foremost gossip columnist. But not everyone has time to read him. As a public service, *Private Eye* is inaugurating an occasional digest of all the tip-top celebrities and scoops that make his column such thrilling reading.

Dempster himself told the *Sunday Times* last week: "What's the point of writing about 18-year-old girls when they are only of interest to 19-year-old boys anyway? Scandal and financial depravity is [sic] what I'm after."

Here is a summary of his juiciest scandals from the past month:

2 May

Writer Victoria Mather complains of lack of leg room on BA aeroplanes.

Countess Michelle Griaznoff attends charity ball.

Princess of Wales attends charity lunch.

Actor Christopher Biggins conducts charity auction.

3 May

Argentine-born playboy Luis Basualdo has new girlfriend.

6 May

Argentine-born playboy Luis Basualdo is nearly mugged in New York.

7 May

Prince Philip to host charity dinner.

Actress Samantha Biddulph, member of chorus of *Cats*, to wed fellow chorus-member Robert Yeal.

Duke of Gloucester takes wife to lunch at restaurant in Kensington.

Earl of Bradford is to host three-day equestrian event.

8 May

Louise Guinness, daughter-in-law of Lord Moyne, has baby.

10 May

Model Nicola Leach organises charity auction.

15 May

Patricia Cadbury, daughter-in-law of Sir Adrian Cadbury, has baby.

16 May

Susannah Constantine, ex-girlfriend of Viscount Linley, is having an operation for kidney stones.

Michael Aspel plays in charity cricket match.

20 May

American singer Lorna Luft has baby.

21 May

Lady Edith Foxwell trips on a step and hurts her heel.

Jessica Ridley, daughter of Nicholas, announces her engagement.

23 May

30-year-old accountant Charles Liddell-Grainger announces his engagement.

30 May

Actor Anthony Andrews and his wife Georgina put up £150 of prize money for a Dorset horse show.

Ad nauseam

Sir,

There is a distinct similarity between the latest Employment Training advert, featuring dreamy girl with gallic aspirations, and Frank Capra's 1946 masterpiece IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE*". Both feature an avuncular guardian angel figure, and both utter the line (sic) "The future... let me show you". Are the two by any chance related? I sincerely believe that we and Mr Capra should be told.*

Yours plagiaristically,
PETER HILL,

Newcastle-Upon-Tyne.

Sir,

I wonder if any other readers have noticed the astonishing resemblance between the pink-suited vocalist's song in Monty Python's THE MEANING OF LIFE *and the advert for the Courts bank holiday sale, shown with unwarranted frequency over the bank holiday weekend. Could it be that other Pythons have followed John Cleese into the anti-establishment, free marketplace, or should a certain department store end up "In (the) Courts"? I think we should be told.*

Yours faithfully,
A. SPENCER,

London SW2.

Sir,

Have any of your readers noticed the similarity between the current "Strollers" campaign — man crossing to one train via other stationary train on opposite platform at rush hour — and one of the early scenes in Tony Hancock's THE REBEL*?*

Yours faithfully,
PETER HORNBY,

Dunholme, Lincs.

Sir,

I wonder if I am alone in perceiving a strong resemblance between the current "Ariston" television advertisement — in which a loop of various characters appear and disappear on a video tripwire — and the well-regarded 1980 polish short, "Tango", directed by Zbigniew Rybczynski, in which much the same thing happens, in much the same way? Are they by any chance related?

Yours faithfully,
DAVID BARTLEY,

London NW10.

● *£10 paid for similar contributions.*

The GAMBOLLARDS
by Eve and Nick Bollard
DARLING, THE TOILET'S BLOCKED AGAIN
OH NO!
WHICH OF OUR PAPERS HAS GONE DOWN IT THIS TIME?

ROTTEN BOROUGHS

MURKEYSIDE

MURKEYSIDE continues to do its bit for the entertainment industry. Catering expert Trevor "doggy-bag" Smith (*Eye* 766) is now lord mayor with a free run at the municipal buffets, while well-known local thesp Derek Hatton will appear in pantomime in Manchester this December as King Rat — no make-up required.

Whatever Degsy's faults during his time in office, at least he stood up to the chief officers. Today the 29 councillors in the Kinnockite rump — none of them too smart — are being led by the nose and in practice Liverpool is run by officers whose outlook is very pro-Tory.

The most notable example is Pat Archer-Jones, the director of personnel who has played a key role in demanding the sacking of 1,000 council workers. Archer-Jones's own career in local government has been very colourful: while working for neighbouring Sefton, she and the chief executive officer, Gerry Corless, announced at a 25-strong manpower services committee meeting that they were sleeping together.

A card-carrying member of the Tory Party, Archer-Jones has served on one of its policy advisory committees, none of which was known to the bright sparks on Liverpool council before she was appointed.

Now Archer-Jones has announced her resignation after less than a year in her post, and she leaves in the middle of a major industrial dispute she was one of the prime movers in creating. Her new post is with West Glamorgan Health Authority and the chief executive for that county is... Gerry Corless.

Another member of the "sack-em" brigade is eductation director Frank Coghley, who has so far failed in his attempt to make 150 teachers redundant. When he was appointed by Liverpool in March 1989, he wangled a deal that the council paid the £1,500 a month mortgage on his Cambridgeshire home. Coghley still hasn't sold his former residence and teachers complain that six months of his mortgage payments are enough to employ one of their number.

Liverpool, ever generous with other people's money, also agreed to pay the standard community charge for two on the Cambridge abode — but at least it was half the cost of paying his poll tax on Murkeyside!

Coghley showed his commitment to Liverpool's comprehensive education policy by moving his family to Deeside — the only place in the joke county that still has grammar schools. He insists that every cost incurred by schools should be publicly declared, with no slippage. Poll taxpayers would like to know where their payments for his second home mortgage and community charge have slipped to on the council accounts.

HAVERING

A CHEERY East End rags-to-riches tale is livening up Havering, London's wide-boy capital, better known as Romford.

The hero is Romford Tory councillor and removal king Albie Tebbutt, currently the subject of close attention by Inspector Knacker of the EastEnders police.

Two years ago Tebbutt, owner of the Copsey removal business, was vice-chairman of Havering council's planning and development committee. By a strange municipal coincidence, a rival firm, Wren Removals Ltd, had been served with a council enforcement notice to stop unauthorised anti-social activities at its Crow Lane base which had been causing a nuisance to insomniac neighbours.

Tebbutt voted in favour of the enforcement action on Wren but remarkably, only weeks later, bought Wren for about half-a-million pounds, becoming managing director while operations continued, seemingly unaffected by the ban, despite the protestations of locals who wanted to know why the councillor had bought a blighted site. By last April, two years later, the site had still not been issued with enforcement notices.

Tebbutt, meanwhile, had pressed on with an application to increase the number of vehicles using the site. A disgruntled group of red-eyed Romfordians, anxious to keep 5am free of lorries, lodged objections with the council who later refused the application.

At the subsequent public inquiry Tebbutt nearly came a cropper when it was revealed that he was so desperate to increase his Crow Lane activities he had called on residents to "persuade" them to withdraw their objections! As one resident put it: "Mr Tebbutt suggested we were little people. He had come across real criminals in Canning Town." Another local told the inquiry that the Tory councillor had been "aggressive and intimidatory".

At the inquiry Tebbutt's letters of support from Crow Lane residents were sarcastically described by opponents as having been sent by businesses who were also operating unlawfully.

Despite winning the appeal Tebbutt was not best pleased with the council's attitude and his rancour finally boiled over earlier this year while the council was considering his latest application to build a massive storage hangar at Crow Lane.

After declaring an interest — he sits on the committee which dealt with his bid — Tebbutt decided to withdraw to the public gallery to watch the proceedings in which he could no longer participate.

But things turned nasty when council lawyers, never Tebbutt's best friends, advised him to leave the meeting despite his protestations that any member of the public could watch councillors discuss the application. Tebbutt only left after colleagues argued that he should appear "whiter than white" and had threatened to call Knacker to settle the contretemps.

Non-plussed, Tebbutt deployed more traditional East End methods at a later committee meeting when, swearing like a whelk-stall holder, he allegedly lunged, fists-flying, towards Liberal members. He later explained to excited hacks that his triumphant cry "we can settle this outside" contained a quite harmless interpretation. More absurdly, at the same meeting, one Liberal councillor, Brian Kent, called the Conservatives' Eric Munday "a senile old git".

Unfortunately, Tebbutt's council colleagues have now had enough and have voted to bring in Romford constabulary's finest to investigate an engaging milieu of allegations against the colourful Romford removal man, including accusations of intimidation and threatened punch-ups in the council chamber.

UN NEWS

SUDDENLY, four years on, United Nations secretary-general Javier Perez de Cuellar has remembered the terms of security council resolution 598 which ended the *first* Gulf War between Iran and Iraq.

It called for him to set up a commission to establish who was responsible; but since it was common knowledge that Iraq had attacked Iran, no one wanted to know. Then Saddam Hussein was the darling of the west, allowed to gas Kurds and hang journalists so long as he kept the ayatollahs in check. Similarly no one wanted to implement clause seven, which called on the secretary-general to send a team of experts to assess war damage and report on reconstruction.

Today, the Iranians are understandably miffed that help and reparations for Kuwait are being organised so quickly while they have been waiting four years. So last week, Perez de Cuellar suddenly sent off Abdulrahim (Abbie) Farah, who had reported on the damage to Kuwait, to report on Iran's need for reconstruction.

Is this a breakthrough, the bill for which will be added to Baghdad's swelling tab? Perhaps. But another suggestion is that Farah was originally commissioned to supervise operations in the Western Sahara where, after 18 years, Morocco has agreed to allow a referendum. Farah was totally unacceptable to the Algerians and Polisario because of his previous closeness to King Hassan of Morocco and, so the theory goes, the Iranian trip was invented to keep him busy.

It would be deeply ironic if the Emir of Kuwait had to wait for his reparations from the second Gulf War until after the Iranians had been paid for the damage they sustained in the first: one of the reasons Iraq invaded Kuwait was that the bloated potentate had refused to write off the billions of dollars he had lent Saddam Hussein to attack Iran!

"Seven million of us have given up dinner for a year to try and help the West get richer"

TAKEOVER NEWS

THE CITY will be reassured to note that the Kinnock left can be just as ruthless and mysterious when it comes to business takeovers as those traditionalists in the Square Mile who are blue in tooth and claw.

Take, for example, the news that a "high-powered consortium" is planning a takeover bid for the *New Statesman and Society*, the lead item in Sean French's "Pendennis" column in the *Observer* last Sunday. Nowhere did the piece mention that French is himself on the staff of the *Statesman*. Not surprisingly: the item wasn't even written by him, but was mysteriously inserted into his column on Saturday after he had gone home.

The article reported that one of the organisers of the bid, Lord McIntosh of Haringey, "is concerned that the potential takeover should not be seen as hostile" — just like Lord Hanson — but that is exactly what it is, of course.

The group behind McIntosh is hoping to get rid of the present hacks at the *Staggers* — especially John Pilger — and fill it with pundits from the centre-right of the Labour Party and the Liberals. Hence, the presence in the consortium of Kinnock's right-hand man Peter Mandelson, Jim Callaghan's former adviser Jenny Jeger and Kinnockite columnist Robert Harris.

After a long period of decline, the *Staggers's* circulation has recently stabilised at 26,000; under new editor Steve Platt — a bearded ex-social worker — it is actually breaking even for the first time since records began. Even McIntosh admitted that Platt seemed to have "done a good job".

The business record of the team who want to run the mag doesn't inspire great confidence. They include former *NS* editor Tony "Sherpa" Howard, under whose helmsmanship in the 1970s the mag's circulation went into steep decline, as well as Dick Newby, a former general secretary of the SDP whose main journalistic achievement was to run a very boring magazine called *The Social Democrat* — which swiftly closed down.

Oddest of all is the presence in the consortium of one Charles Seifert, a consultant to the design firm Wolff Olins. Last year the *Staggers* commissioned him to write a report on how the magazine could be improved. After working extensively on the project he seems to have decided that the best way to improve the magazine is to run it himself after taking part in a hostile takeover bid of his former client. Such cynical entrepreneurial flair from the specs and bowtie brigade is just what the new-look Labour Party is all about.

POLICE 5

FROM next month the beleaguered inhabitants of drug-ridden Greater Manchester will no longer be able to blame God's Cop Himself, chief constable Sir James Anderton, for their crime-saturated streets: on 1 July he will be replaced by hitherto non-controversial deputy David Wilmot.

Wilmot, an approachable and mild-mannered 48-year-old, was born a rock's throw from Blackpool's Pleasure Beach and rose to prominence after successfully repairing riot-torn Toxteth in the early 1980s. He has landed the top jop in Britain's biggest and most scandal-friendly provincial force after rivals pulled out on being told they faced a personality test and psychoanalysis to get the post. Quite simply, councillors on the Greater Manchester Police Authority wanted to know if the new chief constable would be as barmy as the last.

Wilmot's first task will be to investigate the force's pointless printing and reprographics unit and its criminal waste of money. This obscure section of the ever-impoverished force recently shelled out a small fortune to produce a glossy brochure — ostensibly the chief constable's 1990 report but looking more like a jet-set style magazine with film-pic size photos and full-colour graphics.

The 96-page tome, to be seen only by councillors, cops and magistrates, makes a mockery of Anderton's attempts to blame Manchester's rising crime figures on lack of funds and force manpower (a perennial whinge since he took over) and his assistants' Leigh-Pemberton like calls for financial constraints and belt-tightening.

Disgruntled police watchers point out that the cost of the report was enough to pay two bobbies to sweep the scum from Moss Side's sidewalks for a year — and with enough change left over to buy all the force new masonic aprons. So just how much did the lavish masterpiece cost the poll taxpayer? No one at GMP's Chester House HQ knows — they haven't fully costed it yet!

Meanwhile Anderton is going to find it almost impossible to enjoy his retirement in peace and quiet: as expected, he is being sued by the former Manchester businessman at the centre of the Stalker affair, Kevin Taylor, in a multi-million pound lawsuit.

Taylor, the blunt former chairman of Manchester Conservatives, became an unwitting victim of the attention surrounding John Stalker in 1986 when it was revealed that his long-time friendship with the suspended deputy chief constable was the subject of intense police investigation.

After Stalker was cleared of any wrongdoing, GMP's attention switched to Taylor's business affairs. But a four-year investigation by Manchester cops, on Anderton's orders, desperately seeking signs of dodgy dealings, proved fruitless. Taylor was cleared of fraud in a 16-week trial last year which he claims lost him his £10 million fortune but also cost the poll taxpayers of Greater Manchester upwards of £1 million in police costs.

The impoverished ex-millionaire is now alleging that GMP cops acted in an "arbitrary, malicious, unconstitutional and oppressive manner" and he is looking for several million pounds worth of damages. Certainly the spectacle of a bearded, pontificating Anderton vainly trying to defend the indefensible in the Manchester courts will be a sight not to be missed.

THE GOOD news for London gangster Roy Garner, serving 16 years for importing £100 million worth of cocaine, is that he's innocent — according to his longtime chum, discredited ex-Detective Superintendent Tony Lundy (see *Eyes passim*).

The bad news for Garner is that this month he will be revealed "officially" as the Met's top informant in Lundy's forthcoming biography by Martin Short.

The book's exposure of Garner's secret role makes a mockery of the Met's manoeuvres at his Old Bailey trial two years ago. Press and public were locked out when the court went *in camera* to hear a string of detectives, including Lundy, reveal the gangster's double life as a grass. The doors were locked again this March when the same evidence was produced at Garner's unsuccessful appeal.

Back in 1985 deputy commissioner Sir John Dellow had a BBC documentary disclosing the dubious relationship between Lundy and Garner killed off. Dellow told the BBC that "to name an informer would, in my view, constitute a grave disservice to the public interest".

Students of the Lundy saga — he was denounced as "corrupt" by the Yard's top investigator — will be amazed to learn that the book is intended to restore Lundy's reputation. The publisher, Grafton, claims "it's rigorously researched and meticulously vetted".

This will come as a surprise to investigators at Customs and Excise, the South Yorkshire Police who also investigated Lundy, and numerous other Yard detectives who all believe Lundy should have been in the dock with Garner — and who have not spoken to Short.

The book's blurb claims Lundy is the victim of "character assassination and subtle corruption". This has intrigued members of the *World in Action* team who made two films about Lundy and published their book — *Scotland Yard's Cocaine Connection* — last year. They have yet to be asked by Short to account for their role in the "destruction" of Lundy.

If Short and his publishers have got it wrong and m'learned friends become involved, Rupert Murdoch, Grafton's owner, will not be pleased. It was his own *Sun*, exactly a year ago, that serialised the *World In Action* book and on the front page accused Lundy of "lying". Curiously, Lundy neglected to sue.

Editor Kelvin MacKenzie checked with Murdoch before buying the book and was told, in the wake of the Elton John payoff: "Go ahead — as long as it doesn't cost you another million."

Sally Deedes

LAST OCTOBER, a Mrs Tray parked her car on a meter in central London and, finding it broken, wrote "meter out of order" and left the note on her window screen.

On her return she was dismayed to find a prosecution notice on her car along with a "meter to be examined" sticker, while the meter itself was by now covered with an "out of order" plastic cover.

She was then threatened with prosecution for not paying the parking fee and so sent off £2.00 and the meter notice, at the same time pointing out the absurdity of being prosecuted for failing to pay the fee when this was impossible because the meter was broken. Two months later the prosecution was withdrawn.

In the intervening period Mrs Tray narrowly avoided a second ticket. Having backed into a meter space and while waiting for the stream of traffic to pass before leaving her car, she saw a warden already starting to write out a ticket. She remonstrated noisily and the warden's over-zealous behaviour suggested to Mrs Tray that the warden might be working on commission.

Sure enough, a letter from Bill Root, director of finance for Westminster City Council, partly endorsed this: "I can confirm that there is a commission element in the payment arrangement adopted for traffic wardens in Westminster."

Since 1990, Westminster council has employed the services of APCOA Parking UK Ltd to control its on-street parking. The council surveys the number of parking infringements in a six month period and the figure is written into APCOA's half yearly contract as its target. A commission of 0.4 percent is paid for every point over 100 percent up to a ceiling of 105 percent (there must be some curb on private enterprise) and there is a penalty should APCOA not keep up to the mark.

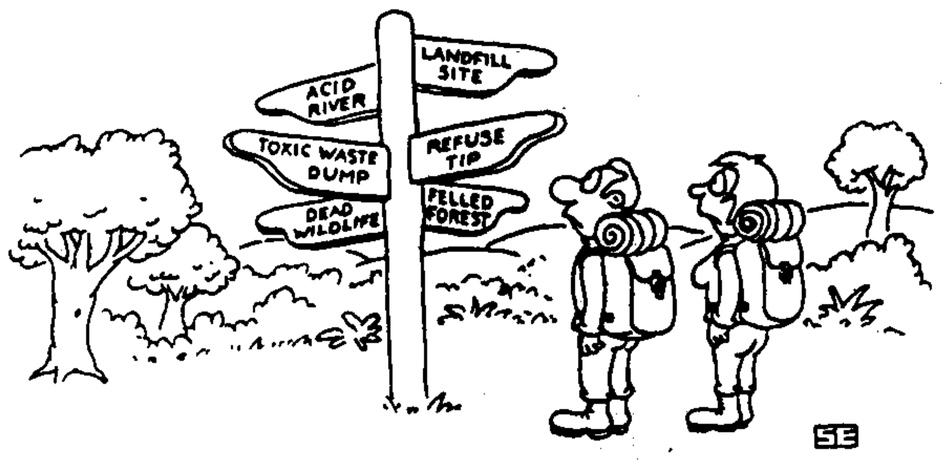
"We have agonized long and hard on this issue," a spokesman for Westminster council told me, "and the system is the fairest we can find." To date an average of 57,000 tickets are issued monthly by Westminster and readers will not be surprised to know the system is running at a profit.

Meanwhile the Government's Road Traffic Act is racing through the committee stages of the House of Lords and will eventually give companies such as APCOA the right to monitor yellow line restrictions as well as meters and residents' parking bays.

A MRS Jones, happily married and living in Oxford, was surprised to receive a letter from the personal finance department of the National Westminster Bank. "Dear Mrs Jones," it said, "if you are thinking of packing your bags and investing in your first home, there couldn't be a better time to do it." She suspects a militant separatist feminist group has infiltrated her local branch.

THE marketing manager of British Telecom, publicising BT's 1991 Business Communications Award to companies who have made good use of communications technology over the past 12 months, recently sent a letter to the "Davies Rehabilitation Research" addressing the letter to "Dear Doctor Research" — proof, if proof were needed, that BT's own communications skills are sadly lacking.

DOWN ON THE FARM



with 'Old Muckspreader'

ONE OF THE few areas in which our energetic agriculture secretary John Gummer can do something without asking permission from Brussels is in freeing up the tenancy market for farmland.

Since Lloyd George tried to win the peasant vote at the turn of the century, governments have tinkered with myriad impediments to simple freedom of contract. Now, to its own surprise, the MAFF sausage machine has come out with a document saying exactly that.

This can mean two things. Either Old Muck has been writing and speaking nonsense all these years and there are sane people in the mouldering headquarters of the Ministry of Agriculture Fisheries and Food after all — or they have subcontracted the entire subject to a non-farmer.

Close textual analysis suggests the unseen hand of Julian Anderson, a former MAFF civil servant now helping out the Country Landowners' Association in their rural idyll in Belgrave Square.

ON THE SUBJECT of the hitherto empty-headed but charming Country Landowners, it seems they are about to mount a serious challenge to the NFU as the real voice of the countryside. The CLA has apparently recognised that the industrialisation of the landscape by Euro-subsidised nonsense and poison may not be the only option for land use. As when the Institute of Directors challenged the CBI as the voice of capitalism, it is to be hoped the quality of debate on the land will be enhanced.

WHEN A minister says he is committed to the survival of an industry, you know its time is up. And David Maclean, minister of state for agriculture, has recently gone on record with a modest-sized whopper: "This Government is passionately dedicated to maintaining the British knacker industry."

The trouble is the BSE scare: all the publicity for mad cows has knackered our knackers. Britain's cats and dogs are being protected from illusory BSE dangers by going upmarket and the flesh of dead farm animals is no longer of use to them.

It is taking time to sink in, but a carcass is no longer an asset. It is a liability. Instead of being a useful source of pocket money, a dead calf today represents a bill for £100 to take it away. As the ancient knacker masters hang up their knives a new sub industry is emerging: providing death pits for the estimated 24 million dead farm animals — a novel skill for land fill agents.

The National Rivers Authority is worried by the pollution hazards associated with this new dilemma. There is an odd symmetry in the BSE scare protecting the nation's cats and dogs from a supposed danger, while amplifying a real danger to humans. So next time you see a dead sheep in a lay-by rubbish bin, remember that it is only a politician keeping his promise.

WHILE the new Food Act continues to decimate small manufacturers and processors, 600 food firms have announced that they are ceasing to trade since the local authority health officers started to impose their peculiar and intrusive "safety" regulations. Lost in the wider destruction of by the recession, the food economy is being transformed by the suppression of small companies in favour of retail giants.

THE European Commission has baffled even its most craven supporters by ruling that all corvids — rooks, magpies, crows and jackdaws — are to be protected by a new Brussels directive. Can it really be prescience in Brussels? Perhaps they know that Britain needs unrestricted carrion birds to cope with the carcasses that litter our countryside. While nature may abhor a vacuum, Brussels abhors commonsense.

Sporting Life

AND SO the bold Pipey has broken his own record once again. Have there ever been such deeds? Have there ever been such three-year-old and selling hurdlers, such formerly clapped out flat racers so lovingly cared for, so beautifully turned out, so remarkably immune to hard ground? The ghosts of Fulke Walwyn, Fred Rimell and Tom Dreaper must be sitting up in their graves in wonder.

Just to add to the fun and to avoid any accusations of bias this column can reveal that Andrew Gregory, the south London restaurateur whose letter to the *Racing Post* in 1990 asking questions about Pipe's approach supposedly sparked off the Cook investigation, is himself the owner of a 12-year-old chaser called Aberoy who on the day the *Cook Report* was broadcast was running for the 16th time in 10 months at Towcester. He unseated his rider, a fate that has befallen him on five previous occasions this season.

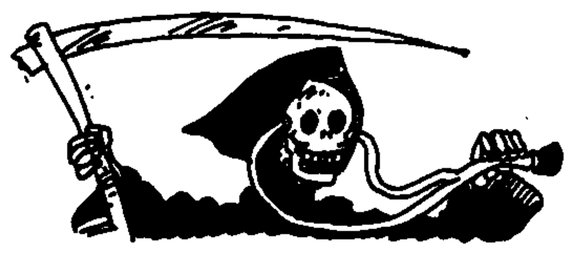
So does this prove that Gregory is a duplicitous deadbeat and malcontent? Or that Aberoy would never have lived this long if he'd been trained not be Mick Ryan but by Martin Pipe? Or is it all just another outrageous slur on racing's integrity, etc etc? Fortunately the hacks have now lost interest in Cook and moved on to the juicy topic of the home affairs select committee's report on the betting levy which has recommended that there should be seats on the Levy Board for representatives of both the punters and the media.

Of course they won't invite any real punters, be they Barney Curley (too controversial) or a betting shop regular from Romford (of no interest to anyone in spite of pious noises to the contrary). There is therefore every likelihood of both new seats going to the press, and deserving metal badge holders are falling over themselves to try to get their feet under Sir John Sparrow's table.

One name that has been mentioned is that of the ubiquitous Bruffscott, whose incarnation as a sort of scoutmaster of racing has apparently struck quite a chord with the more seditious members of *Racing Post* staff. Disrespectful renditions of "Ging Gang Goolie" have even been heard in the corridors. Whether or not scouting is a suitable ethos for punters, the real problem for the mighty terrier would be how to combine yet another portfolio with his already exhausting list of responsibilities: editorial director *and* diary writer of a trade paper; racing correspondent *and* chief sports writer of a Sunday paper; and at this time of the year presenter, along with the rest of the merry Channel 4 band, of about eight hours of knockabout live televised racing a week.

But why carp about Channel 4 racing? You know it's all good fun really. Newmarket, Chester, York, Sandown, Chantilly, Epsom — all blend indistinguishably one into the other. A seamless web of picture puzzles, dial a distance and endless grinning pictures of Derek Thompson. Perhaps somebody'll invite him on to the Levy Board. Then his place could conceivably be taken by Roger Cook.

'Major Bonkers'



HEALTH NEWS

NORTH TYNESIDE Health Authority has decided to part company with Gareth Jones, its chief executive for the past six years.

Shortly before Easter Jones's resignation was announced publicly along with the results of an inquiry held into certain irregularities in the health authority's car leasing scheme. While Councillor Sylvia Murray, the health authority's chairman and leader of the local Tory Group, told the *Whitley Bay News Guardian* that there was no connection between the investigation and Mr Jones's departure, this would appear to have been disinformation.

Mr Jones's wife had a minor accident in the family car, so he lent her his vehicle, which he was leasing through the health authority from Crown Cars. In addition he leased another car for his own use and charged that to the health authority too.

The matter came to light and was investigated by the Northern Regional Health Authority, which insisted that Jones repay the extra amount charged to North Tyneside.

The local press said Mr Jones resigned because he had completed his work in implementing the NHS reforms and was suffering from the strain of making the weekly car journey from his Midlands home to his lodgings in Whitley Bay. No where was it said that his wife was driving round Stoke-on-Trent in a car that was being charged to NHS patients in North Tyneside.

MUSIC NEWS

READERS of *Classic CD* must be wondering if they have become victims of a practical joke since reviews started appearing in the magazine under the name of Jeremy Beadle.

Although no relation to the television "personality", this perceptive critic has shown he knows as much about music as his namesake does about comedy.

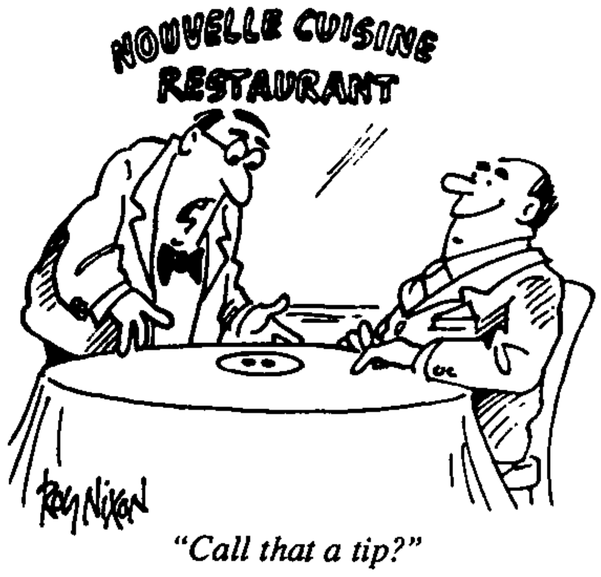
Claudio Abbado and the Berlin Philharmonic's recent recording of Brahm's 3rd Symphony is generally regarded as one of the finest Brahms' CDs of recent years. Not, however, by Maestro Beadle: "Abbado hasn't got a clue about the piece... he just doesn't know what is going on." On Yuri Bashmet and the Moscow Soloists' critically acclaimed CD performance of the Tchaikovsky *Serenade for Strings*: "They lose the rhythm completely and flounder all over the place" under a conductor who "doesn't seem to know what he's doing".

These eccentric opinions about some of the world's greatest conductors and orchestras (unsubstantiated by examples or critical argument) are tolerated by *Classic CD's* editor, Paul Fisher, who himself doesn't seem to know his brass from his oboe.

He recently visited the Abbey Road studios and wrote an article about recording techniques which displayed his own unique high octane blend of sublime arrogance and crass stupidity. The article dwelt at length on the reproduction qualities of three loudspeakers above the recording desk. As the EMI producer in charge of the session subsequently pointed out, the three were not even plugged in.

One hopes that the shareholders of *Classic CD* are all Game For A Laugh as well.

'Lunchtime O'Boulez'



"Call that a tip?"

Letters

Ne Win Situation

Sir,

*Your article concerning the relationship of Dr Lewis of the Charing Cross Hospital with Burma's dictator Ne Win (*EYE *767) was well-timed in drawing attention once more to the brutal regime still in force in Burma. May 27th saw the first anniversary of the so-called "democratic" elections in that country (your article referred to "recent elections" : relative to the last, held in 1960, I suppose those of a year ago do seem quite recent). You rightly pointed out that the results of the 1990 poll gave a resounding victory to the main opposition party, the National League for Democracy, which won a full 82 percent of contested parliamentary seats; this despite the fact that its most prominent leader, Aung San Su Kyi, had already been placed under house arrest, in July 1989, and thus disqualified from standing. A quick calculation will reveal that she has not in fact been seen in public now for approaching two years.*

While Britain yawns over speculation about the date and outcome of its next general election, Burma struggles to bring about a transfer of power to the party it has already elected.

Yours faithfully,
ANNA K. McMAHON,

Burma Action Group, London NW1.

Power mad

Sir,

I never cease to be amazed by the tripe written about the privatisation of electricity. The letter from Graham Shuttleworth is simply the latest example.

As Mr Parkinson admitted in the autumn of 1987, at that time Great Britain had the lowest electricity prices in Europe. Over the previous five years they had fallen in real terms by 17 per cent. The industry was by then almost debt-free. So much for its use of its "monopoly power to stuff the costs on to the customer's bill".

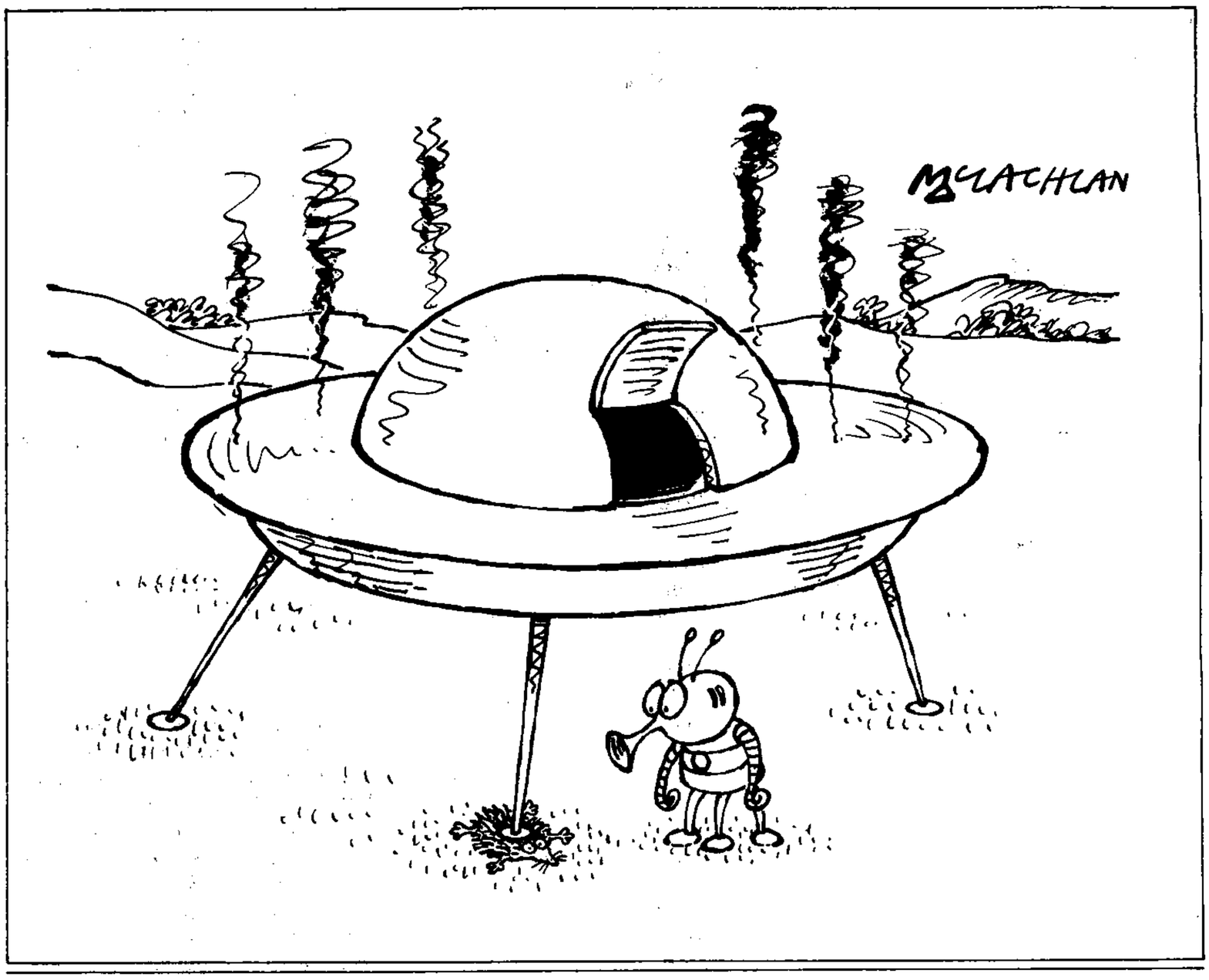
The excess capacity which privatisation has "revealed" has two explanations. The first is that the private generating companies, unlike the hated CEGB, have no responsibility for maintaining an adequate supply. They are therefore getting rid of uneconomic capacity previously needed to ensure there was always enough capacity to meet demand, even if a number of stations were only run for a few weeks, or even days, a year for this purpose. The second is that new gas fired capacity is being built. Several thousand megawatts of this capacity is either being built, or is planned, which will provide cheaper electricity than the existing coal and nuclear stations. While the industry was privatised, however, it was not allowed to burn gas in its power stations.

As to Mr Shuttleworth's belief "that a growing shortage will drive up the price and encourage investors to build new plants", he surely has to be joking. Even the Government didn't believe that, which is why they invented a special formula to insert into the market mechanism — "loss of load probability and loss of load value". Anyone who knows anything about it knows, however, that this will not wash either, since it is intended to be used, and in use on a daily (indeed hourly) basis and cannot simultaneously transmit long term market signals. The finest structure of the privatised industry will invariably bring about power shortages in a few years time. At the same time the real price of electricity to the customer will be considerably higher than it was. Indeed it already is.

The EYE'S *brilliant picture caption "Higher prices equals cheaper electricity" was exactly right except that, in addition, there will be less electricity available.*

Yours faithfully,
JOHN LYONS

London NW9.



Erning parole

Sir,

As an inmate in one of Her Majesty's prisons I thought you would like to know that recently a notice was displayed on our wing stating the requirements that have to be met before we can be considered for allocation to a category D (open) prison.

One of the first of these is that we have to have passed our parole eligibility date — i.e. one third of our sentence.

My thoughts went out to poor Mr Ernest Saunders who somehow missed the joys of Wandsworth Prison which I and many of my colleagues appreciated for many months after our convictions. Surely this must have been an administrative error, as there can't possibly be one law for the rich and one for the poor, can there?

Yours faithfully,
A. CON,

HM Prison Wayland, Norfolk.

Lookalike

Kinnock

Jackson

Sir,

Have any other readers noticed the startling resemblance between rock musician Joe Jackson and the vocal politician, Neil Kinnock? Are they by any chance related to the Islwyn Male Voice Choir?

Yours faithfully,
CHRIS PACKHAM,

London SW16.

Jewry verdict

Sir,

*Burt Keimach's letter (*EYE *767) really does stretch poetic licence to the extreme. Israel no more "acquired" for self protection the West Bank, Gaza Strip and Golan Heights in 1967, and Southern Lebanon in 1982, than Iraq did Kuwait. The latter has, of course, been liberated but the former has not, despite repeated requests by the UN for Israel to adhere to Resolution 242 and withdraw from the territories it is illegally occupying.*

Only then can it be described as a country complying with international law.

Yours faithfully,
MARIE JOHNSON,

Newark, Notts.

Coronation chicken?

Sir,

Regarding our challenge to Granada. John Major doesn't need the balls to be the man who killed off CORONATION STREET *because David Mellor had the balls to insert the central scheduling mechanism into the Broadcasting Act. The lads in Manchester can sell the* STREET *straight to London — or even Newcastle if they win the North East. The real question is whether David Plowright has the balls to sell it elsewhere, thereby depriving his shareholders of the cash they could get from Channel 3.*

Yours embryonically,
PROF. P. REDMOND,

Chief Executive, North West Television, Liverpool.

Big MacCormac

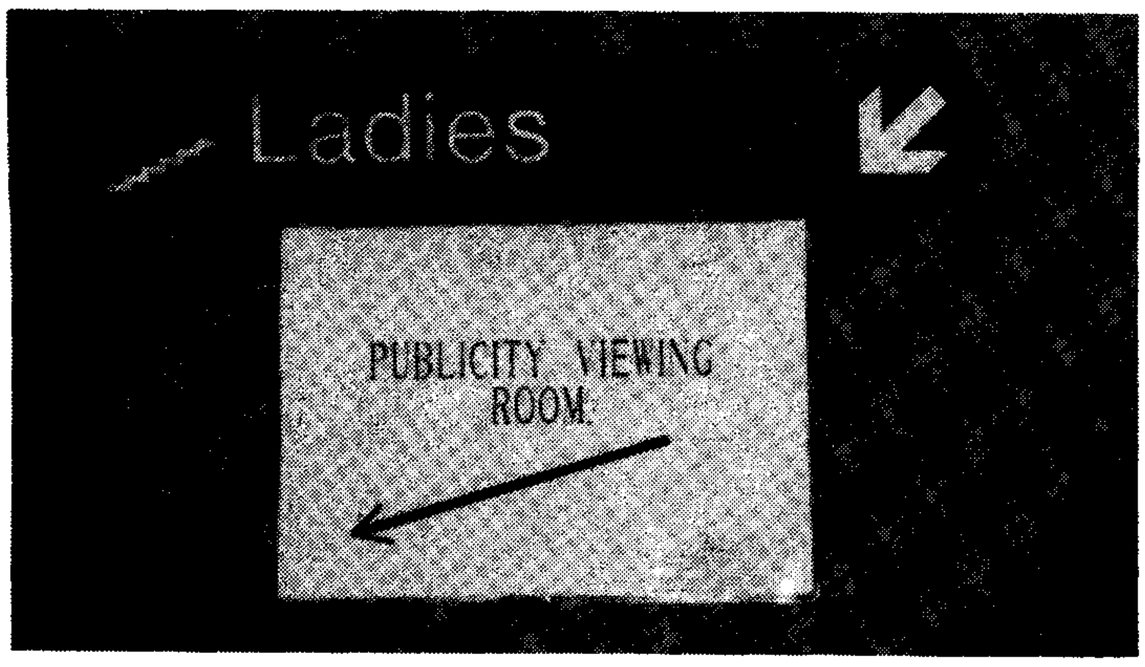
Sir,

Piloti's current slide into fogeydom is most distressing — he's now more of a stick-in-the-mud than THE SPECTATOR'S *architectural critic Alan Powers, and that takes some doing. It was a relief, therefore, to read (*EYE *768) even faint praise for Richard MacCormac's excellent design for a new chapel at Tonbridge School, now alas scuppered by the "ancien regime" who have hijacked our built environment for their own ends.*

Incidentally, that the commission subsequently went to Donald "Flying" Buttress has of course nothing whatever to do with the fact that like MacCormac (and myself) he is an Old Tonbridgian.

Yours faithfully,
JEFF CURTIS,

London SE1.



I-SPY

BBC TV Centre, London

Submitted by Lindsey Williams. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Piles of rubbish

Sir,

Re: The European

I gather from a Brent council official that THE EUROPEAN *was handed out free at last night's bank holiday American football match at Wembley.*

"The Wembley crowd are not really European readers, I would have thought," he said, "but huge bundles of the paper were being dumped round the stadium. Then young women came and handed them out free. Our own people seized about 4,000 newspapers to prevent them being distributed. But this morning (Tues, 28 May) Olympic Way was just covered with discarded ones. Never in 15 years have I seem Olympic Way in such a mess. The papers all had to be picked up by hand."

Yours faithfully,
A. BROCKLEHURST,

London NW6.

Slagged off

Sir,

I thought I was reading Glenda Slagg in the latest edition of EYE *(24 May).*

On Page 10, "Media News", I read a suggestion that I do not have the guts to do an interview for a Channel 4 DISPATCHES *programme, and then on page 16, "Sporting Life" I see that I'm praised for having the balls to take on the racing community and Martin Pipe.*

To put the record straight, I never refused to be interviewed for the DISPATCHES *programme. I said I would do an interview, if they would tell me the day of transmission of the programme. This is a courtesy we offer all the people we wish to interview for* THE COOK REPORT *— indeed Martin Pipe himself agreed to an interview only if it took place on the day before transmission.*

The reason we were insistent on this point with DISPATCHES *was because on a previous recent occasion when Central had dealt with Clark Productions — who made the* DISPATCHES *programme — they had indulged in what can only be called "dubious deeds".*

Yours faithfully,
ROGER COOK,

Central Broadcasting, Birmingham.

Don't mention the piano wire...

Sir,

How thoughtful of Mr Buncombe to explain the piano wire joke to us. Actually this joke was first cracked by John Cleese in episode six of FAWLTY TOWERS, *"The Germans", when he says to his guests: "Would you like a drink before the war... trespassers will be strung up with piano wire."*

It got a big laugh that time as well.

Yours faithfully,
ROBERT GOODHAND,

Wellington, Somerset.

Strobes spotlight

Sir,

*Are your editor and the word C*** used in the Andreas cartoon of edition 768 by any chance related? I don't think we need be told.*

Yours faithfully,
D.D. WRIGHT,

Derby.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"We kept ourselves going because we believed the corner would turn."
DAVE BASSETT, Radio 4
(George Warmald)

"She's as safe as an olive."
DAVID COLEMAN, BBC1
(Stuart Layzell)

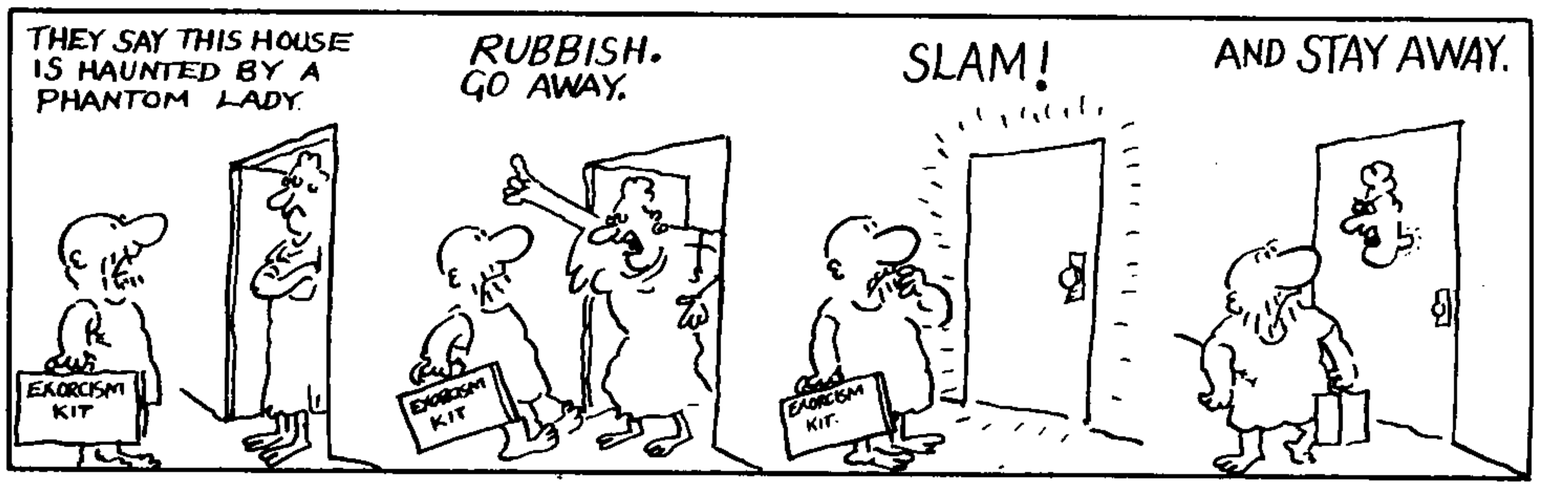
"Scott Gibbs, the nineteen year old, now twenty."
BILL McLAREN, BBC1
(Lance Mitchell)

"The shape of the business cycle is such that the shoe is pinching."
DOMINIC HARROD, Radio 4
(J.A.S. Mowat)

"This is the first step in a chain that will unfold."
DAVID MELLOR, Radio 4
(Mrs R.H. Grey)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN



Letter from India

from Our Own Correspondent

SONIA GANDHI'S refusal to "save" our country by heading her assassinated husband's Congress (I) party means the end of the political caucus which surrounded Rajiv Gandhi and depended on him for survival.

The toadies — Rajiv's orphans — with no political legitimacy or base, blame Gandhi friends Amitabh Bachchan, India's best known film star and former MP, and Suman Dubey, a Rajiv contemporary (read lackey) from his exclusive Doon school, for stopping Sonia from perpetuating the dynasty, giving them another Gandhi to deify and a chance to encash the sympathy vote in the elections postponed till mid-June.

The two apparently convinced her that all the caucus wanted was to parade her, a hapless widow, across the country for votes. After Indira Gandhi's assassination in 1984 the same caucus, headed by R.K. Khawan and M.L. Fotedar, plumped unquestioningly for Rajiv to succeed his mother and capitalised on the massive sympathy wave which voted them into power for five years.

The caucus has since grown to include Mr Arjun Singh, the scheming former party vice-president and former chief minister of Madhya Pradesh state in central India; M.J. Akbar, author-journalist; Satish Sharma, Gandhi's former co-pilot and trusted gofer; and hundreds of others including senior bureaucrats and hacks.

They almost succeeded in convincing Sonia, the Italian-born Catholic who became an Indian citizen about seven years ago, to do their bidding. For the day after Rajiv died, a dazed Sonia did not categorically refuse the presidency of the party, offered with unseemly haste before anyone could react. Suddenly her accession seemed, in true Nehru-Gandhi tradition, the most normal occurrence. Indeed, since there had been no party elections for more than two decades, Congressmen had got used to dynastic leadership being foisted upon them.

But enter Bachchan escorting Rahul Gandhi, 21, Sonia's older child from Harvard University the following morning. And Sonia's ambivalence — due, according to political sources, to her 19-year old daughter Priyanka's reported desire to fulfil "Daddy's dream" of ensuring the dominance of the Nehru-Gandhi dynasty — changed.

Priyanka is a bright and attractive teenager whose looks and steely demeanour, especially during her father's funeral, reminded people of her grandmother Indira. A final year BA student majoring in psychology in Jesus and Mary College run by Jesuit nuns in New Delhi, Priyanka, unlike her brother, is known to be interested in politics but has to wait six years before she can contest an election. This factor, sources say, accounted for Sonia's initial hesitation. (Brother Rahul, on the other hand, is apathetic to politics, academically mediocre — he was recently admitted to Harvard entirely because of his family connections — and is interested mainly in football and pistol shooting.)

Despite Sonia's decision, the caucus persisted for a week in a no-holds barred campaign to force her to change her mind and even stationed thousands of slogan-shouting supporters outside her bungalow in the heart of Lutyen's Delhi urging her to "come forward and save India".

After the first day, however, the supporters were barred from approaching the house and all partymen, especially caucus members, denied visiting rights. The caucus had lost to those opposed to dynastic succession — yes, there are a handful and some have a political base — and were forced instead to settle for Narashima Rao, 70, as party president. He is a political lightweight who has been elevated primarily because he is weak, in ill health and easily disposable once the political ante rises after the elections.

For that's when the fur will fly. Congress, tipped to win, will then have to present a prime minister and Rao, who is not standing in the elections, is barred from holding such office. It is not inconceivable that with no authoritarian Nehru-Gandhi at the helm, the Congress might take on a different, more democratic configuration. This, however, is only possible if Congressmen agree on a consensual prime minister. If they can't, they might again knock on Sonia's door, confirming the ultimate egalitarianism of the world's largest democracy — 900 million Indians being ruled by an Italian Catholic passionately fond of collecting Shiva heads and oriental rugs.

That Paisley list in full

PRIVATE EYE has acquired the complete list of names of those acceptable to Dr Ian Paisley as Chairmen of the Brooke Talks.

TOP SECRET AND CONFIDENTIAL

The following candidates we consider would be totally acceptable as impartial and unbiased chairmen of the forthcoming or not talks clearly designed to sell us down the river.

1. Dr I. Paisley (no relation).
2. Mr James Molyneux.
3. Mr Enoch Powell.
4. Lord Lane.
5. Lord Denning.
6. Mr Eugene Terreblanche.
7. King William III (deceased).
8. Mr Oliver Cromwell (ditto).
9. Mr B. Paisley (relation).

(That's enough Paisley names. Ed.)

Kenneth Baker.
Brilliant. Cunning. Psychotic.
Can he stop the killers?

18

the silence of the dogs

Lines on the 70th Birthday of the Duke of Edinburgh

by Mr Ted Hughes, Poet Laureate

Old Pit Bull
Snarls on leather
Leash. Brass studded
Teeth bared. Jaws slaver.

Old Himmler waits.

Tied to lamppost
On dirty street.
Owner lager-filled in
Sweaty pub.
Sawdust feet, NF tattoo
On flexed muscle.
Torn T-shirt.

Old Himmler broods.

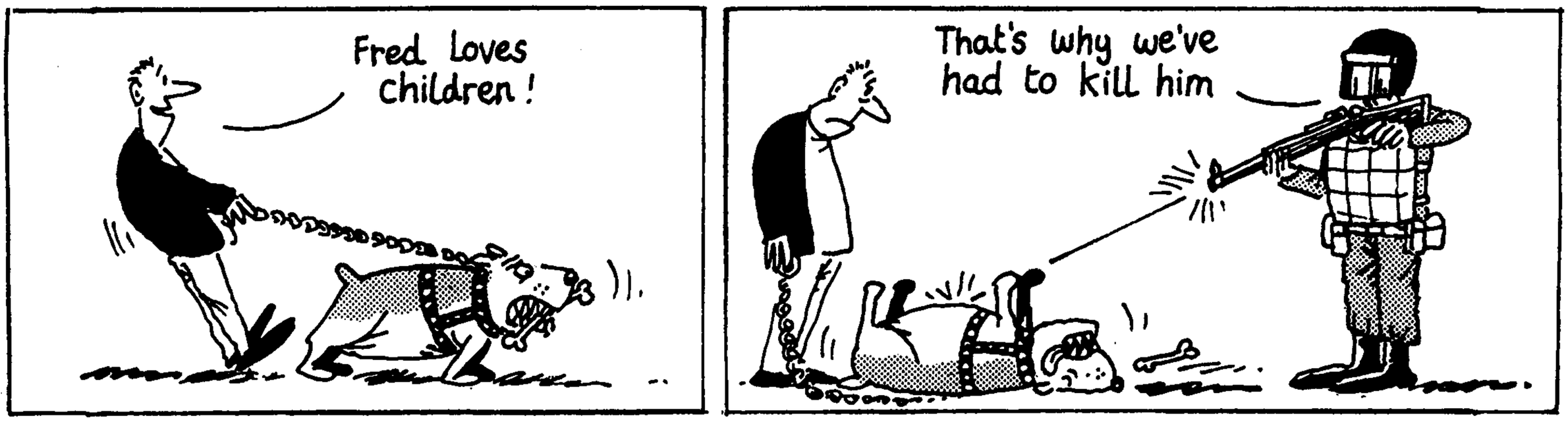
Leash slipped,
Old Himmler away.
Pounding, padding.
Jaws lock,
Biting fury, trousers rent.
Mr Patel taken to Casualty.

Old Himmler does it again.

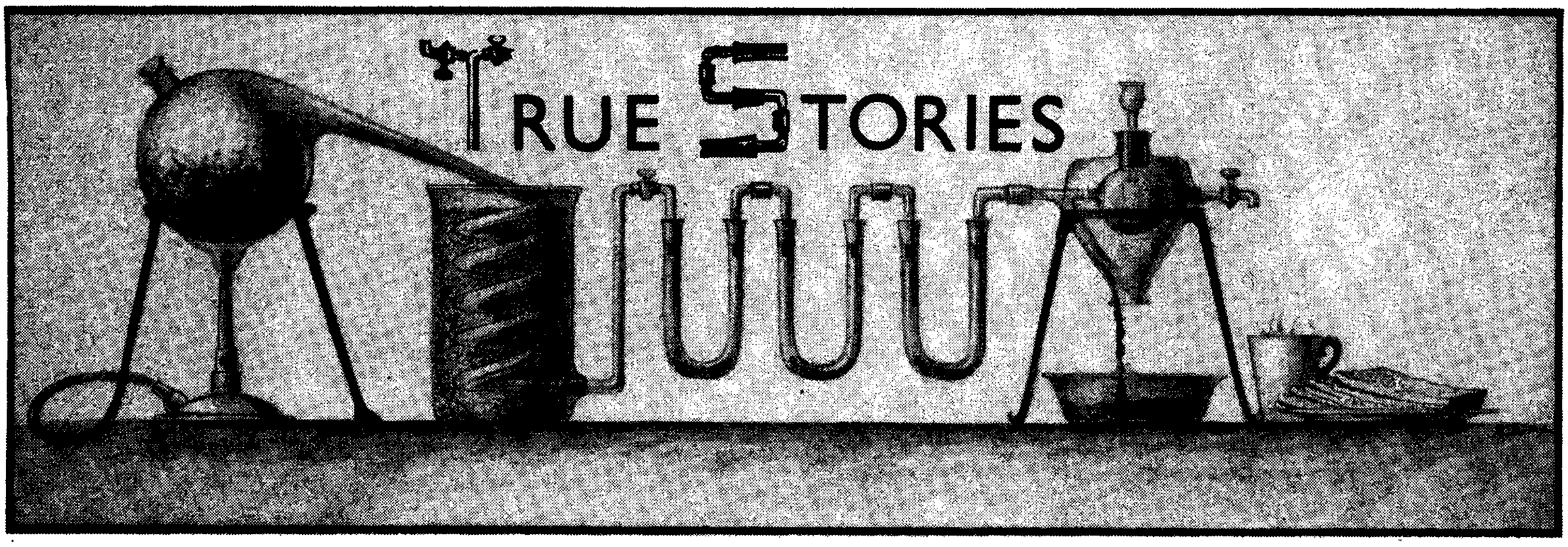
Happy Birthday,
Your Royal Highness.

T.H.

FRED BASSTARD by GRIM



CHRISTOPHER LOGUE



ILLUMINATED BY BERT KITCHEN

COMMENTING on the advances made in preparing primary school juniors for secondary school methods, a spokesman for Corsham Education authority said: "Last week Mrs Liz Bannister's pupils visited Corsham School where, as a taster, they heated chemicals over a bunsen burner and learned how to design a sandwich."

AS EXAMPLES of civic law enforcement, District Attorney Cyril Wire of Cincinnati said: "Recently Rabbi Marvin Cohen applied for permission to stand a giant menorah candlestick next to the Christmas tree in Central Square.

"City Hall said 'no' but Federal Judge Audrey Lightenmant said 'yes'. Next day we had an application from the local chapter of the Ku Klux Klan asking permission to light a fiery cross in the Square on Christmas Eve.

"City Hall said 'yes' — provided the Klansmen were all over 70 years of age, did not wear hoods, and the cross remained unlit. The Klan responded by insisting that Santas were not allowed to wear beards in the Square.

"Finally, when 12 unmasked Klansmen of any age were allowed to rally under an unlit, three-foot-high cross, about 1,500 Ecumenicists showed up and pelted them with refuse. 35 people were arrested and it cost the city $157,438.00."

DURING his interview, Mr Massoud O'Keef said: "My client, Mr James Farr, found himself forced to move house but unable to afford a removal van. Therefore he put his belongings, including his bed, into an empty wheelie-bin standing unattended outside his late home and began to push it to his present address.

On his way there he felt in need of refreshment and went into the Duke of Northumberland. When he emerged, the wheelie-bin had gone and he was told that, as it was a blue wheelie-bin, its contents would be incinerated — as indeed they were.

"He repudiates the charge of stealing the wheelie-bin and has been denied legal aid to bring charges of negligence against the Council."

IN HIS speech on "Clearing the Law Books", Dr van Rughen, a member of the Transvaal Assembly, said: "The regulations which barred laundries from using the same suds to wash the clothes of white and black customers will be deleted. But I cannot say that the former regulations will be abandoned by local authorities such as hospitals."

DURING an exercise by the pupils of Palichara School, Rangpur, Bangladesh, over 100 parents saw the 9-year-old Nazrul Islam, who had been acting the part of President Bush, killed instantly by a stone thrown at him by 11-year-old Bula Mia, who was taking the part of Saddam Hussein.

SIX young men, led by Mr James Kama and Mr Arnold Umba, both of Kokai Village, Chimbu, Papua New Guinea, have been arrested for building and manning an illegal road block.

"All over the world people are manning road blocks," said Mr Kama, speaking in his own defence. "It took us three days to build the road block. During this time nobody came along the road. Finally Dr Kunda Cheitaras's minibus came along and we demanded the passengers' money. They offered us K4.50 [50p].

"We refused this amount, explaining it was too small. As an alternative, we asked them to dance to Mr Umba's guitar. When they had danced, Dr Cheitaras offered us a lift into town as night was falling.

"This we accepted, and the doctor drove us straight to the police station."

INFORMATION: Corsham Times & News 15.3.91; Macleans Magazine (Canada) 7.1.91; Loughborough News 20.3.91; Daily News 12.3.91; San Francisco Examiner 24.2.91; Post-Courier, Papua New Guinea 2.4.91.

MONITORS: Mary Gould, Don Thurgarland, Alex Frazer, Sharon Spradbury, Michael Selic, George Kershaw.

7 JUNE 1991 ● THE SUNDAY TIMES

TOP TEN BORES

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on List
1	Gazza	2	614
2	Lord Palumbo	36	3
3	Sir Bernard Ingham	1	3
4	Sir Paul Fox	21	6
5	Sir Harrison Birtwistle	14	2
6	Catherine Cookson	78	29
7	John Smith MP	25	412
8	Professor Terry Eagleton	–	–
9	Clive James	6	1703
10	Graeme Hick	–	–

"We've lost the Gandhi account"

EXCLUSIVE TO PRIVATE EYE

THE HILARIOUS NEW BEATTIE ADVERT YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR

(Scene: Middle-aged Jewish woman lounging by a pool under a sunshade with phone on table. Her husband is drinking a pina colada)

MAISIE: What happened to that woman in England who used to ring us up? You know, glasses and funny perm, we met her on a cruise on the Rhine?

GEORGE: Beattie. Her son Melvyn was a nice boy. It's true we haven't heard.

MAISIE: You don't think there's been some awful tragedy? Her husband always looked a sick man. You said so yourself.

GEORGE: Heart attack, do you think?

MAISIE: Could be. He was a big eater for a man his size. I remember her saying his brother Mannie had to have a by-pass.

GEORGE: Could be in the family. Better give her a ring.

(Cut to Beattie, who picks up ringing phone. Blows dust off it)

BEATTIE: Hello? Maisie! How's Harry? Well, terrible new... He was as sound as a bell, believe me, and then he was eating his breakfast, same as ever, when he saw British Telecom's profits announced on the front page of the paper. Sick? You're telling me... He had a heart attack on the spot.

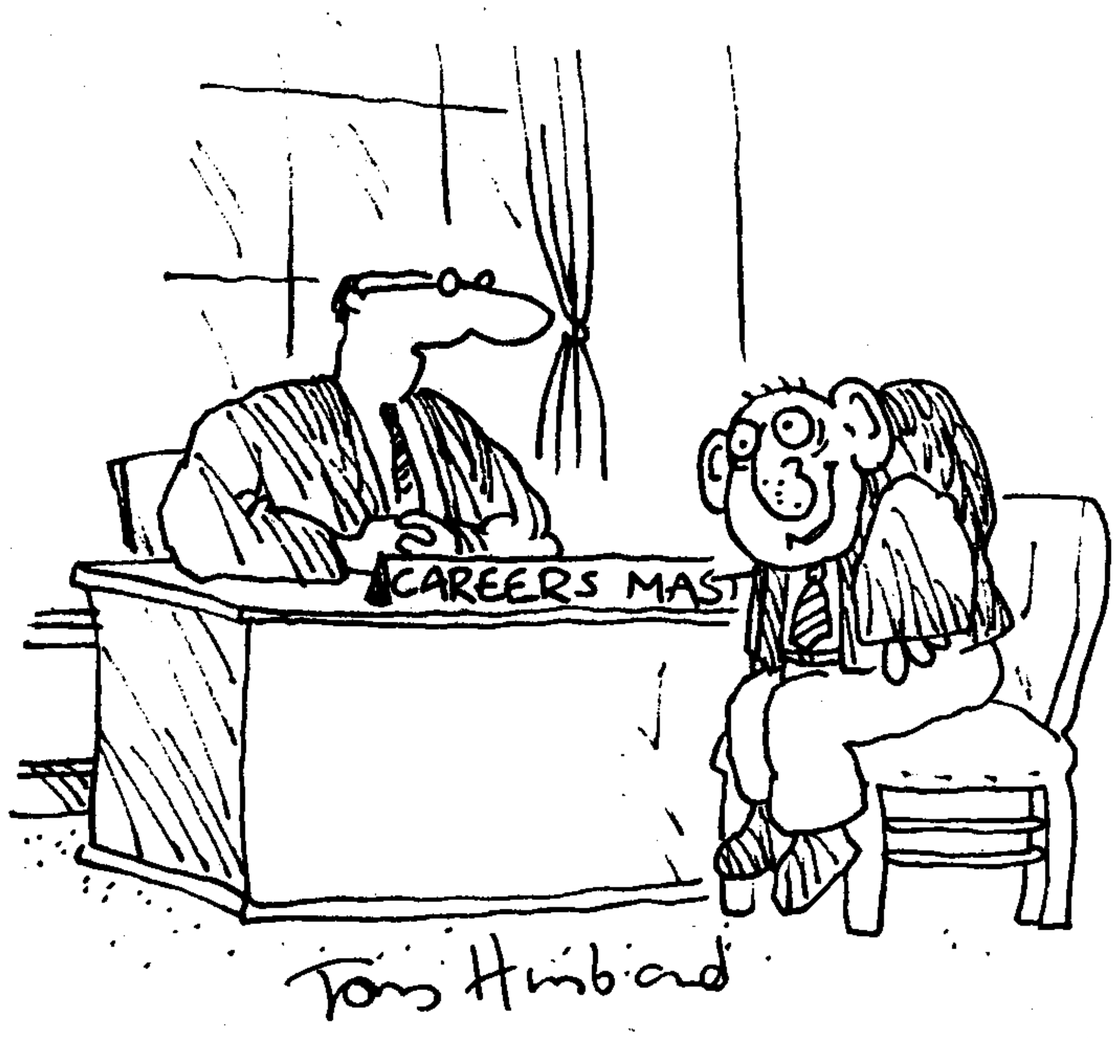
(Cut back to George and Maisie)

MAISIE *(aside)*: You were right, George. *(To Beattie)* Poor Harry! But why didn't you phone and tell us?

(Cut back to Beattie holding black-framed photocopy of headline reading BT MAKE £3.1 BILLION PROFIT*)*

BEATTIE: I should make them rich ringing you up?

VOICE-OVER: BRITISH TELECOM — WE ANSWER TO NO ONE (GEDDIT?)



"So you're the boy who wants to be a bellringer"

Heffer — tributes pour in

MILLIONS of politicians wept openly in the streets last night as they took out onions to mark the passing of one of the great giants of the 20th century political scene.

"He was a towering figure whose honesty, integrity and totally honest integrity put him in a class of his own," said a tearful Mr Neil Kinnock. "The fact that he and I hated each other's guts did not prevent him from trying to sabotage my famous 'Kinnock Gets Tough With The Left' conference speech in 1985."

Mr John Biffen, a former Conservative Cabinet Minister, said: "What the Conservative Party needs today is more people with the courage of Heffer, to speak out against Mrs Thatcher and all her evil ways."

Derek Hatton, believed to be a prospective colleague of Mr Gerald Ronson, described the late Liverpool MP as "a great bloke who I am sure would have stood by me in my hour of trial".

Mrs Thatcher broke off from her state visit to the Gilbert and Ellice Islands to pay tribute to Heffer's "single-minded pursuit of what he believed in — a quality reminiscent of another great leader of recent times, who was, in her own way, cruelly cut down in her prime, boo hoo hoo."

(That's enough tributes. Ed.)

'I just couldn't believe I'd been fired'

Stephen Glover is one of the founders of The Independent

BEST OF TIMES, WORST OF TIMES

STEPHEN GLOVER TALKS TO HIS LAWYER

IT'S AN extraordinary thing to happen to you. One minute I was at my desk commissioning pieces and arranging expensive lunches with influential people — the next I was out on my ear.

My old friend Andreas broke the news to me. "Stephen," he said. "I'm afraid you're taking on a different management role in the corporate hierarchy."

I noticed the clock ticking on the wall and felt my hands go clammy and my heart beat faster. This is it, I thought, here it comes.

"What do you mean?" I heard myself say, hardly believing it was me speaking.

"You're fired, Glover! Clear your desk."

This was my old friend, my colleague, my partner. We had created *The Independent* together. How could this be happening?

"But why?" I stammered.

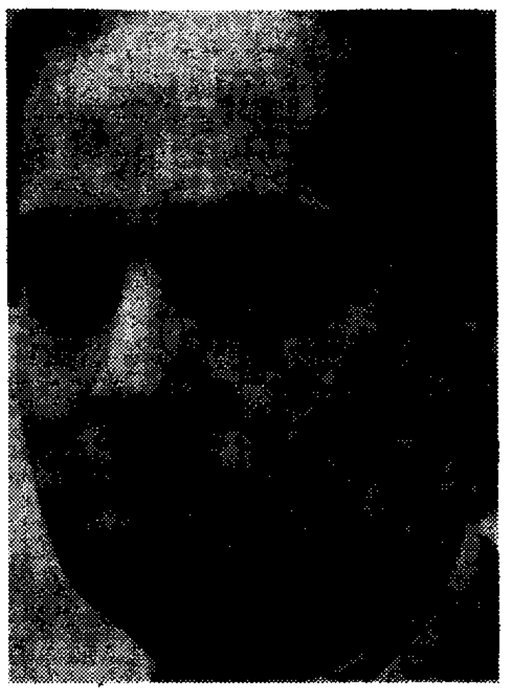
He leaned forward and talked as if we were strangers.

"It's nothing personal, Stephen. We just can't have someone useless in your job."

"Phew!" I breathed a sigh of relief. "At least *you* won't be getting it, then..."

It was the best of *The Times*, it was the worst of the *Telegraph*.

© *The Indescribablyunpleasant*



The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

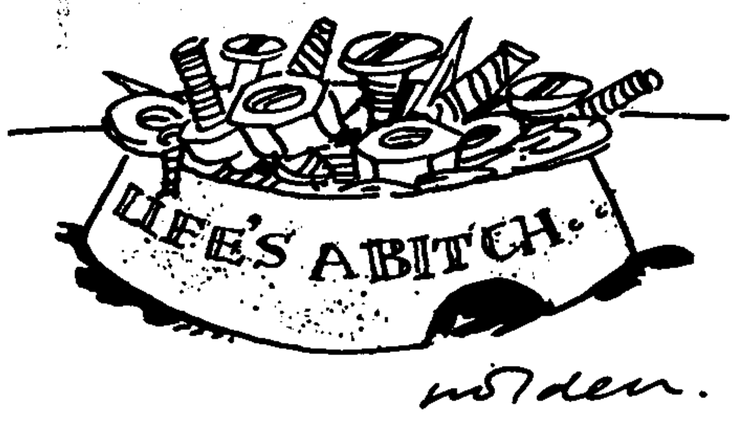
Monday

I wish someone would explain to me why the opinion polls are so gloomy. There was another one this morning which said that Labour is now 10 points ahead. When I was reading it at breakfast time, I said to my wife Norman: "These polls really make me sick." She immediately disappeared into the passage outside, where I heard her ringing up her friend on the *Hullo* magazine to say that "even John is now admitting that he is seriously ill".

But then, when I had got to my desk, Mr Baker came in and said: "It's all right, Prime Minister, I've found a sure way to win the next election."

"Oh yes?" I said, not entirely convinced, letting him know that he was not exactly my favourite person in the Cabinet. "And what might that be?"

"What is the most important issue in Britain today?" "Oh, that's easy," I said. "You don't need an O-level Economics degree to answer that one. Inflation, isn't it?" "No," he said, giving me one of his considerably annoying smiles. "It is the killer dogs which are rampaging through Britain — look at the front page of the *Sun*."



He held up a copy of that paper, which had a big headline saying PAGE 3 GIRL DIES OF CANCER. Below it was a picture of a snarling dog with the headline MAJOR MUST KILL THESE DOGS NOW.

Mr Baker looked triumphant as he said: "My plan is quite simple. You should kill these dogs now."

I hate to say it, but even Kenneth sometimes has quite good ideas. If I kill all the dogs it will make me very popular and will show people that I can act decisively when I want to. Mrs Thatcher never had the courage to shoot 10,000 dogs in a day.

Tuesday

What a relief! I have been told that the best thing I could do to help the country is to have a day off! Mr O'Donnell has rung the papers to say that I will be at Lord's watching cricket. Unfortunately, as I took my seat in the pavilion there was a slight misunderstanding, as one of the stewards said: "You can't sit there, sir, it's reserved for the Prime Minister." I explained that I was a guest of Mr Jeffrey Archer. This improved matters very considerably, and I was allowed to take my seat.

All interest was focused on the return of Ian Botham, who everyone had written off as an unpopular has-been. But I took very considerable comfort in the fact that he did so brilliantly, which I regarded as a good omen for my own comeback at the next election. Oh yes! Unfortunately at the end of the day he fell over and had to be carried off.

Wednesday

The Labour Party must be really desperate! They have hired a lady called Mrs Follett to tell them what colour suits to wear when they appear on television. It is all to do with whether you are a spring, summer or autumn person. Mr Kinnock is apparently a spring person, which is why he always wears a blue suit, whereas Mr Hattersley is autumn, which is why he wears brown. I must be a summer person, because all my suits are grey. What is more, I don't need some woman to tell me what to wear. Norman just puts it out on my bed in the morning.

Thursday

Mr Baker tells me there is a snag to my dog plan. Apparently it is very hard to catch the dogs in order to kill them, so perhaps my idea is not so good after all.

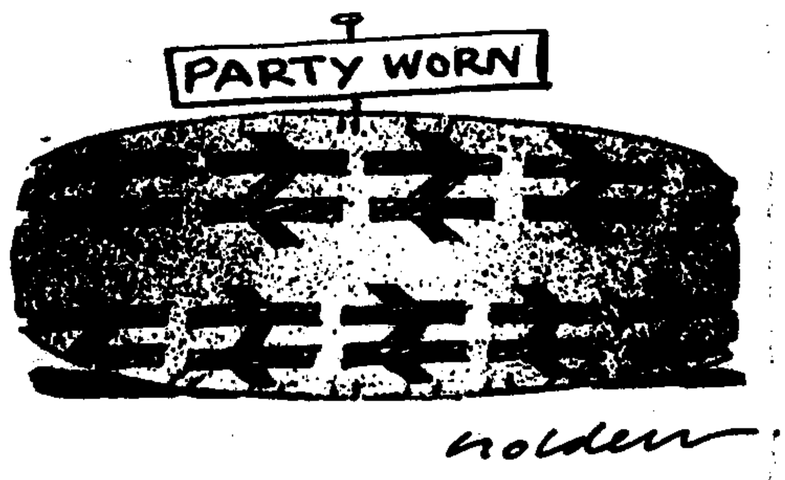
Hardly a day goes past when I am not to some degree annoyed by the latest antics of my predecessor. While I am busy at the cricket, she deliberately goes round the world getting herself on television by meeting world leaders. Yesterday it was President de Klerk, today it is Mr Gorbachev in Russia. When I showed the picture to the Cabinet, my friend Chris said: "If you're lucky, John, she might even want to come and meet *you*." I told him that this was not the point.

The paper said that she had told the Russian voters it would be a terrible mistake to drop a leader who had been in power for so many years and achieved so much, in order to pick some untried nonentity. All the Cabinet laughed when I read this out, which only goes to show what a figure of fun she has become!

Friday

Mr Rifkind came in and told me in his Scottish accent that he had another idea which could win us the next election. Everyone should be encouraged to use the railways instead of the road. At first I couldn't see the point of this, but then he went on to explain that his plan would, of course, make a very considerable change in the policy of the Government for the past 12 years. "Mrs Thatcher would not have approved of my plan at all," he said. "She hated trains." I suddenly began to realise that my friend Malcolm was really on to something.

After lunch I told Chris that we had another election-winner up our sleeve.



"Not your bloody dogs again," he said, displaying what in my judgement was a marked lack of respect for my position as his boss. "No," I said, very decisively. "The dogs issue can be considered dead and buried." "More than can be said for the dogs," said Chris, slapping me on the back and causing one of my biros to fall out of my breast pocket onto the carpet, leaving a red mark which will not best please Norman. I tried to ignore him, explaining that my new plan for reviving British Rail would show once and for all just how totally different I am from Mrs Thatcher.

"Yes, she never lost an election," said Chris. If he is not careful, he may find himself joining Mr Waldegrave in my little grey book!

Sunday

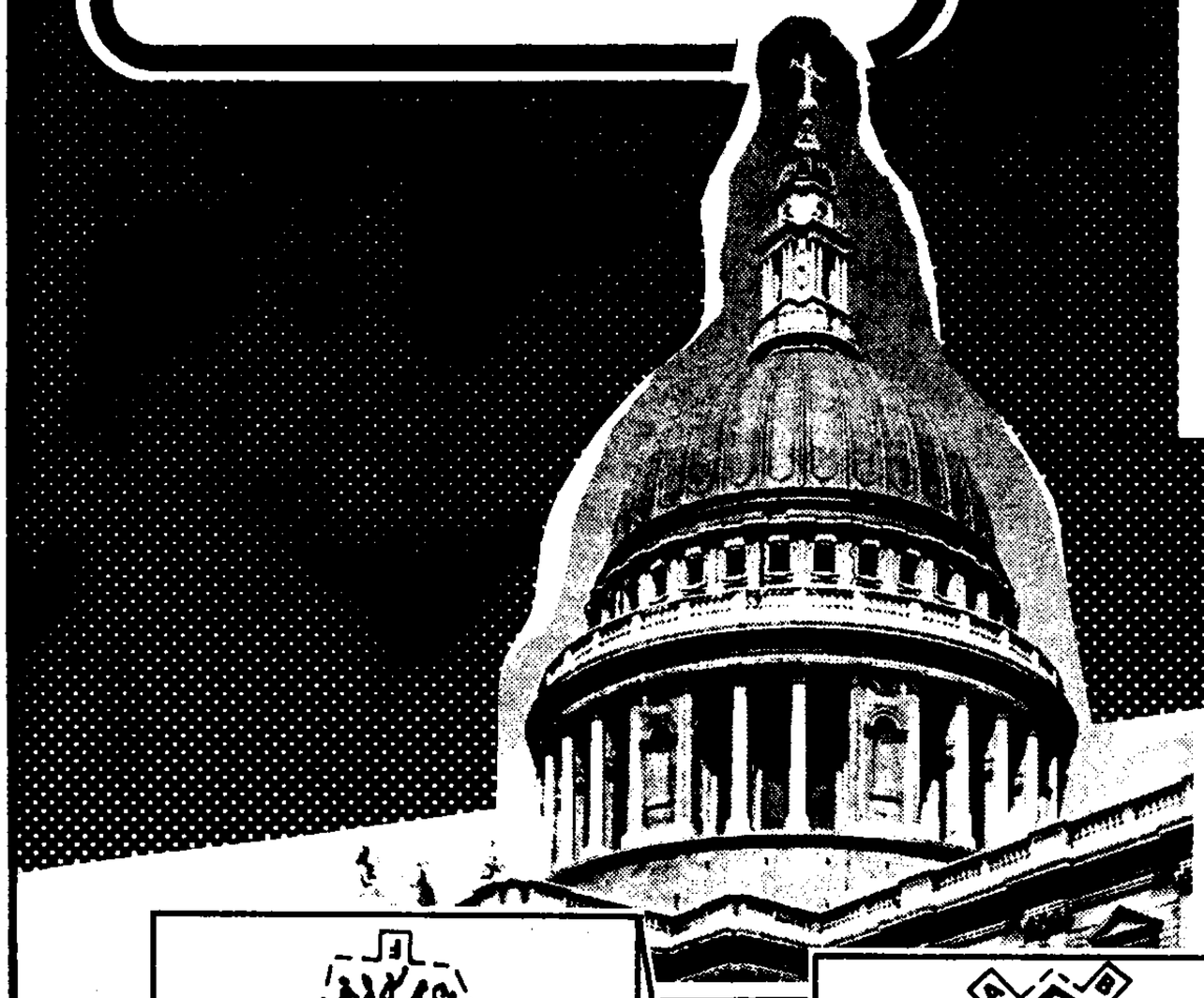
My patience has been remarkably stretched by the news in the papers that Mrs Thatcher is telling all her friends that I was the wrong choice for the job. She said I am a grey man with no ideas. What on earth can one reply to that?

This shows once again that my predecessor has lost her grip. Let us follow the logic of her thinking. If you go into Waitrose and buy baked beans, the choice of brand is up to you. When you get to the checkout, you cannot suddenly blame the baked beans for being the wrong sort. Mrs Thatcher chose me and if I am the wrong choice then she is clearly to blame. Therefore she was lacking in judgement and had to be replaced. As I often say, QED!

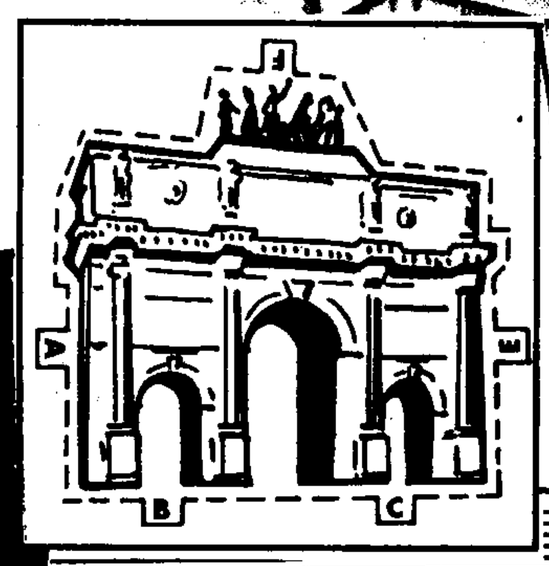
Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

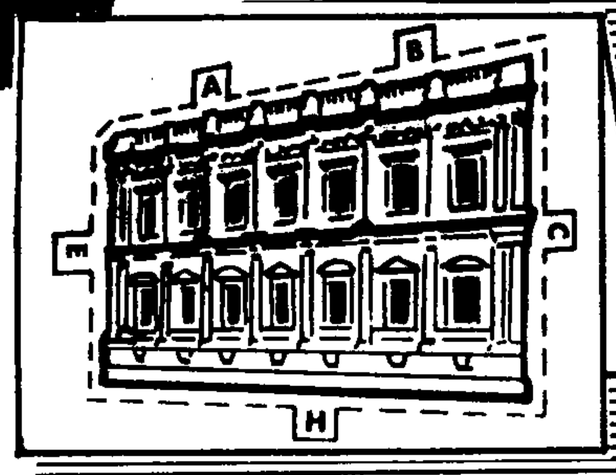
COMPETITION

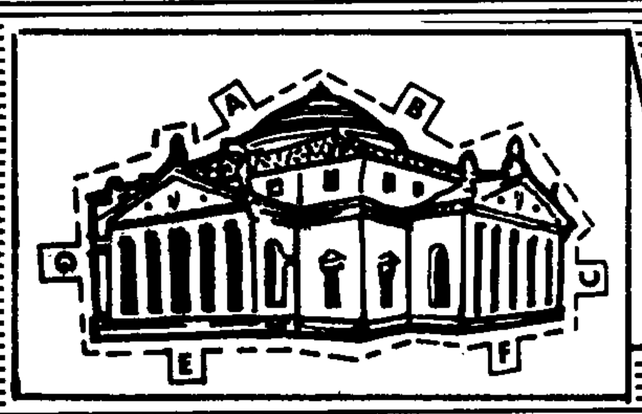
in collaboration with Kellogg's Corn Flakes, HRH The Prince of Wales invites you to submit your design for the redevelopment of PATERNOSTER SQUARE, one of the most prestigious development sites in Europe.

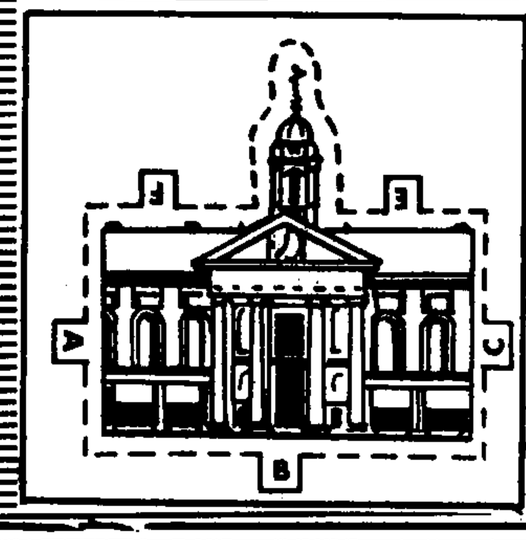


All you have to do is cut out these agreeable Classical-style buildings and group them around St Paul's in the most pleasing and harmonious manner.









The winner will receive

* A knighthood
* £10 million
* and the chance to appear in the Prince of Wales's next TV documentary, *'It Really Is St Paulling!'*

Now complete the following sentence in not more than 12 words

I think that Prince Charles should become King because . . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Members of the Royal Family are not eligible.

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: Prince Charles has returned to the polo field for the Leigh Pemberton Challenge Trophy.

Now read on...

"YOUR CHUKKA, Sir." The plummy voice of Major Ron Ferguson, captain of the Wigmore Club Crawlers, rose above the thundering of horses' hooves as he deftly lifted his wooden embonpoint and brought it down smartly on the chutzpah, sending it speeding toward the double arc.

Charles felt a thrill to be back in the saddle, free from the petty restraints of office. His arm was fully healed and he was bursting with energy. He reined in his favourite grey, Gowrie, and galloped towards the chotahpegs.

As he did so, Charles was rudely brushed off course by the swarthy form of Captain Tango Argentino, astride his lathering stallion Belgrano, defending for the opposing Lord Hanjob's Irregulars.

As Charles struggled to keep his seat he could hardly believe his ears when the umpire, Brigadier Sir Hugo Pitbull-Terrier VC, blew his whistle and shouted:

"Double chowdah fault! Against you, Sir!"

He pointed an admonishing finger at his future king.

"What!" Charles exclaimed. "Me? Double chowdah? It was the bloody Argie's fault! Are you blind?"

The Brigadier at once opened his little black book. "For arguing with Umpire-wallah — another penalty chapati! Any more and you'll be back in the pavilion with the Memsahibs for an early mazdah."

Charles flushed with anger.

"There's only one word for this... bloody appalling. It really is!"

With a snarl, Charles threw his carved ebony embonpoint with ivory inlay (a gift from the Pashwah of Tandoori) to the ground, where it broke into several pieces. Glaring at the Brigadier, he shouted at the top of his voice: "You need your head examined!"

"YOU NEED your head examined, Chazza!" Diana was at the wheel of their new 8-litre Guzzla GTX, heading towards Highgrove through the leafy lanes where the giant stems of golden hoggart parsley wove a fragrant tapestry of *(Get on with it. Ed)*

"I mean, what's wrong with you? You were worse than Ricketson-Smythe after a skinful playing club room cricket at the Belchers'."

Charles sat morosely at her side, reliving his tantrum again and again. It was unforgivable, she was right. He had been feeling under a lot of strain, a sort of mental stress thingie. He had read once, in one of the early books of his friend and mentor Sir Laurens van der Post, *Modern Man In Search Of His Shoes*, that this sort of thing was inevitable. How had he put it?

"If you pull your shoelaces too tight they will snap."

How true that was. How very true, even if you were wearing polo boots.

"If you're going to carry on like this," Diana said firmly, "you're going to have to see someone."

Charles nodded in agreement, relieved that he had faced up to this mental thingie type thing. He was feeling better already...

"I'M FEELING better already." Charles lay relaxed on the couch in the quiet consulting rooms of the celebrated Harley Street psychoneurologist Dr Marten Böot FRPSS.

"There's absolutely nothing wrong with you, Sire. It's perfectly natural to let off steam from time to time. In fact it's beneficial."

The tall grey-haired figure, who had treated some of the world's most distinguished nobility, placed the points of his fingers together and rested his elbows neatly on the green leather surface of his Ackroyd escritoire.

"It's just that I've been doing an awful lot of work for charities, especially these schizophrenia people... Reading it up and everything, one sort of begins to think perhaps one might be affected in one's own... There is a certain history of mental... you know... in our family... George III and so on, though of course he wasn't..."

The doctor smiled soothingly.

"Ah, yes, schizophrenia. The classic symptoms of the patient out of control, his actions dictated by alien forces telling him what to do. I can assure you, you have no worries on that score." He paused and then concluded: "Could you pay my receptionist on the way out. Cash would be preferred..."

CHARLES climbed into bed, thinking hard about Dr Böot's reassuring diagnosis. Hearing voices in your head when you're asleep. Odd people telling you what to do... It must be terrible, terrible.

He switched off his bedside light and, as he did so, without noticing brushed the answer button of his Sokitumi ansaphone. In the darkness, voices began to call out.

"This is Dr Barkworth. You've got to do something about standards of English teaching. Particularly Shakespeare. I suggest two paragraphs in your speech. CLICK — Julian Porridge speaking. You've got to have a go at these cars. I've written a memo about energy emissions which you'll get tomorrow setting out the main points. CLICK — Barkworth again. Oilseed Rape. That's the big one. Terrible yellow stuff taking over the countryside. You've got to stop it. CLICK — Hullo folks! Spike Milligoonilooni! Ying Tong Tiddle-I Po! Are you Jewish? No, a tree fell on me... Too many people in the world, that's the trouble. It's up to you..."

Charles retreated under the bedclothes. He would ring Dr Böot first thing...

(To be continued)

'We are a Zulu'

Zoo man's shock claim

by Our Jungle Staff **Lunchtime O'Buthelezi**

MILLIONS of semi-naked spear-waving Zulu warriors stood open-mouthed in astonishment yesterday as a Kent zookeeper, wearing only a suit and shirt, told them: "Ich bin ein zookeeper."

Mr John Aspinall, 73, said: "Ever since I was a boy I have admired the Zulus as among the noblest creatures of the jungle.

"I have several of my own down at Lympne. They are quite safe, although they sometimes kill large numbers of people.

"In the words of my friend Sir James Goldsmith — 'If you pay peanuts, you get Zulus.' "

Rifkind's new-look railways — how they will work

by Our Transport Staff **Philip de Freightas**

MILLIONS of small privately owned trains racing up and down Britain. That was Malcolm Rifkind's vision of how British Rail could look in time for the next election.

Out goes the old-style 17.42 from Paddington to Didcot Parkway.

In comes the new corporate-sponsored "Train Of Your Choice", leaving when you want it to, and arriving just when you want to get there (subject to availability).

Rifkind's vision of a new integrated railway system for the 21st century will feature the following vote-winning innovations:

● Personally owned carriages, sold on a time-share basis to passengers, to guarantee them a seat during the second week of September.

● Personalised "Inter-City Opt-Out Sizzlers", provided to customers' wishes by the Prue Leith School of Cookery.

● A "two-tier train system", allowing trains to "compete" on the same stretch of track, thanks to private "toll flyovers" every 200 metres.

● Full BUPA cover for all passengers in the event of major train "incidents" as a result of the above.

● A full review of "in-carriage entertainment". Out goes *Daily Telegraph* left on seat with half-finished crossword (formerly the property of Sir H. Gussett coming up to town to see Test Match, or it may be the Chelsea Flower Show). In comes "highest bidder franchising" to provide non-stop porn 'n' pop for the tired businessman (bidders D. Frost, R. Branson, R. Raymonde etc).

But perhaps the most controversial feature of Mr Rifkind's exciting plans is that none of them will ever happen.

Mr John Prescott is 64.

Whales

That Japanese research programme in full

THE purpose of the Minke Whale Study Programme 1991-92 is to carry out research into the following areas of study:

1. To research how many whales can be killed in the shortest possible time and then sold to restaurants in Tokyo.

2. To research the maximum profit that can be made from the above.

3. Er...

4. That's it.

(Icelandic papers please copy.)

"The other one's his manager"

Thatcher to visit outer space

by Our Science Staff **Adrian Berry-Silly**

FOLLOWING the success of Britain's first female astronaut, Miss Helen Sharperson, plans have been announced for launching a permanent British presence in outer space.

A group calling itself "The Friends of Mrs Thatcher" has revealed its scheme to establish a new post of full-time British Female Ambassador to the Galaxy, which it intends to begin "as soon as we can get Mrs Thatcher on top of a rocket".

Mr John Major said he gave the initiative his full backing and politicians from all sides were quick to support him.

"It's a perfect job for someone like Mrs Thatcher," said former Cabinet Minister John Biffen. "She is a very brave woman. A 20-year mission over two million miles away is exactly the sort of challenge to which she rises. I shall be there to see her blast off."

The cost of Operation SkyThatch, as it is to be called, will be covered by a special allowance unanimously voted through the Commons last night in a record one-minute sitting.

Not everyone, however, shared this enthusiasm for the venture. UFO watchers reported dozens of messages flooding in from Mars, believed to read in code: "Maggie, Maggie, Maggie, out of outer space."

Yuri Gagarin is 98.

"Harry Secombe, Harry Secombe, Secombe Secombe, Harry Harry..."

CHATTO COUNTER-BLASTS

Why I no longer believe in A.N. Wilson

by God

In this controversial pamphlet, God explains how after many years he has become totally disillusioned with the whole concept of A.N. Wilson.

"Far from being a source of truth and comfort," he writes, "I realised that A.N. Wilson is a major cause of much that has gone wrong in the modern world, from the social embarrassment of the Queen Mother to the public humiliation of Lord Denning. If a so-called benevolent A.N. Wilson can allow all these dreadful things to be done in his name, then he is not the sort of A.N. Wilson that any of us can reasonably be expected to believe in."

Full promotional support to include author tour of the cosmos, dumpbins, interviews on Radio Four's *Start The Universe* and colour supplement feature "A Thousand Ages In The Life Of God".

Where Are They Now?

No. 94: The Kurds

In the early months of 1991 the world's attention was captured by the tragic plight of millions of Kurds, as they fled from their homes. For several weeks it was impossible to turn on the television without seeing these pathetic people fighting for survival as they huddled on the freezing mountainsides.

Presidents and Prime Ministers alike joined hands to proclaim that something should be done to save the Kurds.

Famous pop singers organised huge fund-raising concerts, attended by such legendary figures of the time as the Princess of Wales, Sir Marmalade Gussett and Mr Jeffrey Archole.

However, after a few weeks the story of the Kurds and their plight faded from view as quickly as they had appeared, and the world got on with more important matters, such as Gazza's knee, Botham's leg, and *The Darling Buds of May*.

Germany's capture of Crete in May 1941 was a stinging defeat. It was all the worse in that the defenders came so close to victory. The Germans deserved to lose because, in spite of their crushing air of superiority, they had made a bad plan based on grossly defective intelligence.

The Times

NATIONAL GNOMELAND CHARTERED

Your Caring Sharing Bank

In 1983 Bert Sproggit decided to set up his own computer business in Loose Chippings.

Bert knew about computers, but he didn't know about finance. That's where we came in, or rather where Bert came into us.

We've been looking after the Berts of this world for hundreds of years and our small business advisor, Tracy Petting, immediately took Bert under her wing.

She lent him a huge amount of money at 30% fixed interest forever. Like an idiot, he took it.

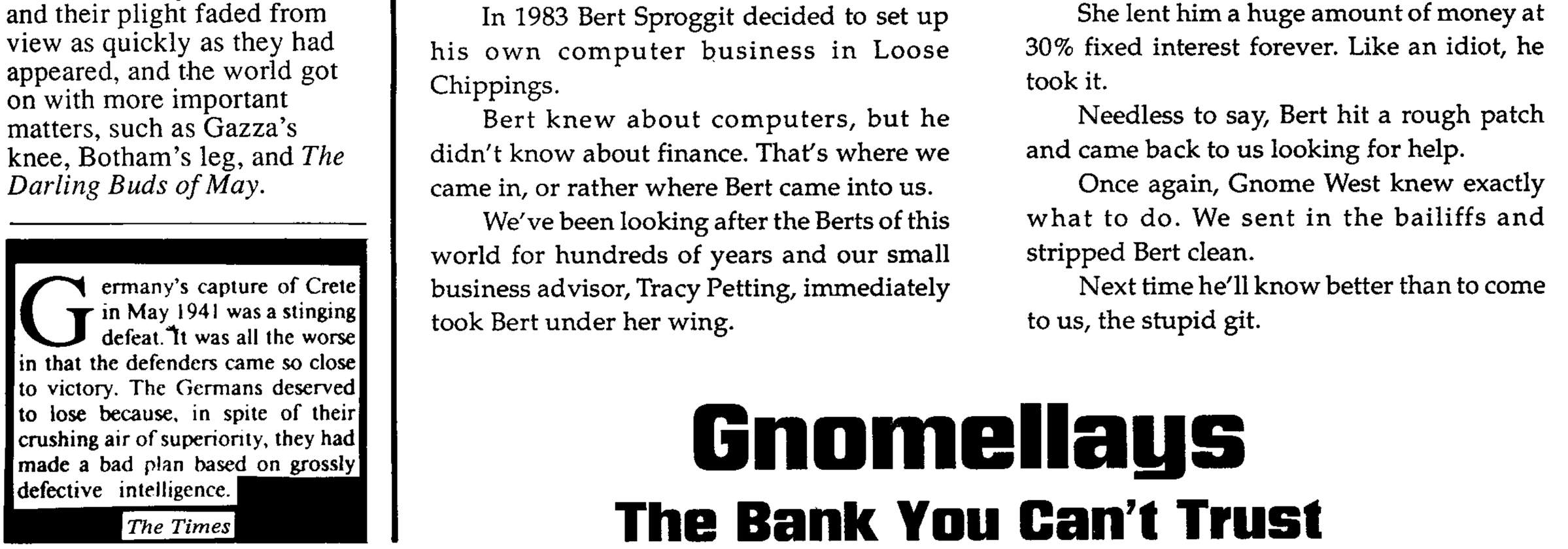
Needless to say, Bert hit a rough patch and came back to us looking for help.

Once again, Gnome West knew exactly what to do. We sent in the bailiffs and stripped Bert clean.

Next time he'll know better than to come to us, the stupid git.

Gnomellays

The Bank You Can't Trust


BEFORE WE LET YOU GO BACK INTO THE OUTSIDE WORLD, HERE ARE YOUR RETURNED BELONGINGS.
AH. THANKS.
AND IF YOU'D JUST SIGN YOUR NAME HERE FOR ME...
WITH PLEASURE.
ALL THE BEST, GARY.
ALL THE BEST, GARY. THERE YOU GO.

THE STAR OF HAYWARDS HEATH
24-Hour English Takeaway

Delhi Telegraph

Certified Sale 750,001,600

25 Rupee Murdochs

Dynasty to go on?

by Our London Correspondent ***Mark Dulhi***

AS BRITAIN still reels from the assassination of Margaret Thatchi, there were strong moves last night by members of the Conservative (T) Party to preserve the dynasty which has ruled over Europe's oldest democracy for the last 12 years.

The spotlight has now fallen on the lone figure of Mark Thatchi, so often at his mother's side throughout her long period as Britain's *de facto* Margaranee.

Although entirely lacking in political experience, and widely considered to be a complete twit, Mark is nevertheless regarded as the only man who can carry on the Thatchi magic into the 21st century.

Sikh Heil

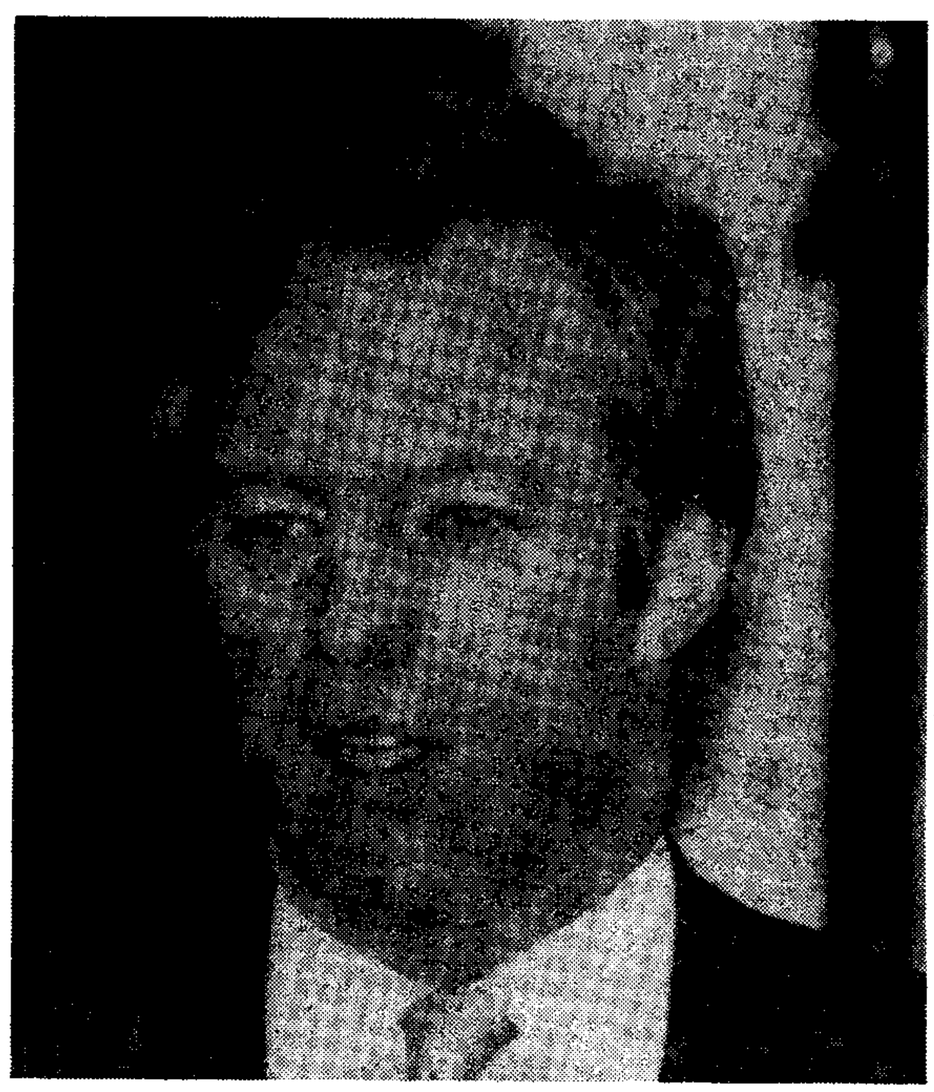
Other leading political figures are believed to be backing the charismatic widower Sri Denis Thatchi who, although deeply unpopular and interested only in golf, is seen as the potential strong man who could weld the warring Tories back into an election-winning force.

There remains the dark horse of the family, the statuesque former *Delhi Telegraph* feature writer Carol Thatchi, about whom nothing at all is known.

We Are A Gandhi-Mother

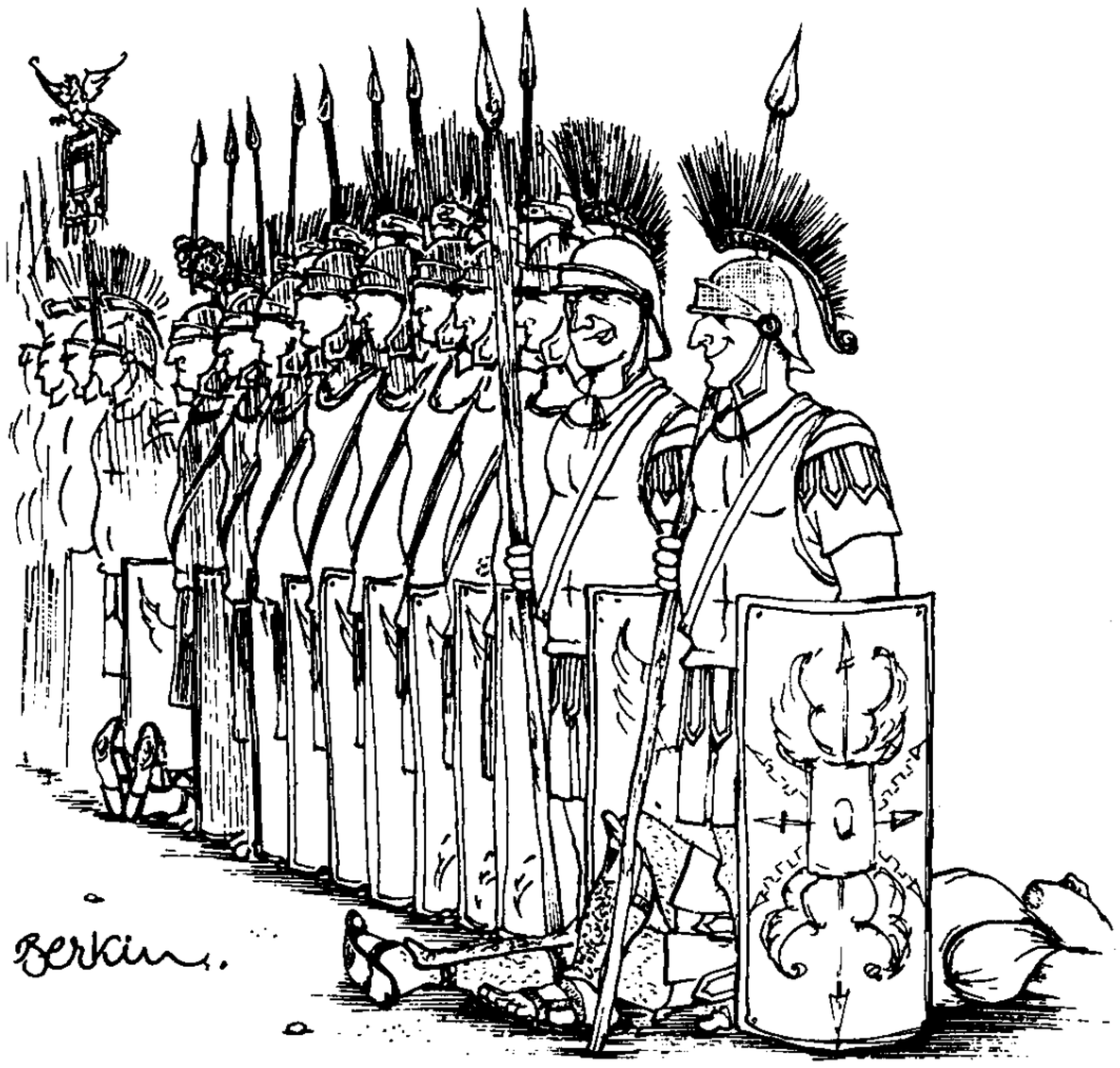
One thing is certain. Unless the mantle of the Sacred Cow, as she was known to her millions of devoted followers (Sid and Doris Worsthorne), is taken up by one of the dynasty she has left behind, the result for Britain could be catastrophic. The reins of power will pass to some dreary, anonymous party hack who will be unable to stop this once proud country sinking into a mass of feuding factions.

John Majah is 47¾.



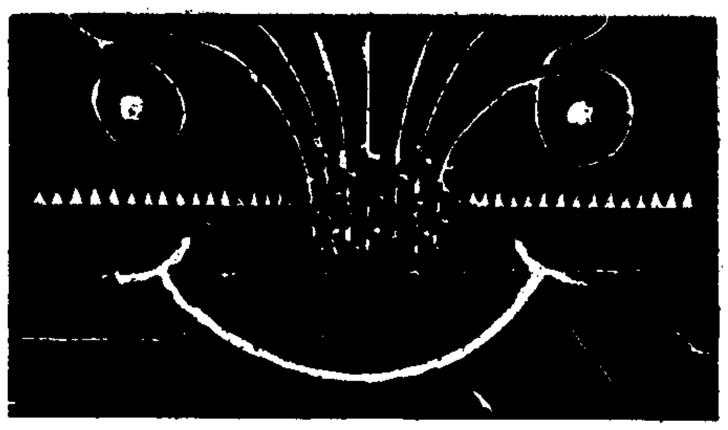
Yes! It's Rudolf Nureyev Rhyming Slang!

Sugar Plum	**Kicked colleague up bum**
Ballet tights	**Gets in fights**
Death In Venice	**Man's a menace**
Giselle	**To work with, hell**
Slow on his feet	**Nutcracker Suite**
Dying Swan	**Carried on too long**
En l'air	**Losing hair**
Tub of lard	**Scheherazade**
Legs ache	**Swan Lake**
Pas de deux	**Bit vieux**
Romeo	**Time to go**
Kirov	**Get him off**
Don Quixote	**Mr Kick-Bot** *(You've had that. Ed.)*



"Decimation isn't as bad as everyone seems to think"

DIARY



PETER USTINOV

Welcome to my world. The Queen Mother — and never, whatever you do, underestimate the exceptional acuity of that good lady — once told me over a light but agreeable luncheon that (President) Ronnie Reagan had once said to her that Mikhail Gorbachev, for whom I have much admiration, had described me as "an ambassador of goodwill to all nations", and I humbly hope that some of this charm will enhance the lives of all those who chance upon this page.

I have, I am told, the "gift of the gab". In their kinder moments, my friends accuse me of being an accomplished raconteur. I suppose that I do I notice the little things that others, far more illustrious than myself, may overlook.

They accuse me also of being particularly good at accents, of being able to bring a person to life through remarkable powers of mimicry. For instance, I was strolling along the streets of London's Chelsea last week when I noticed a sooty-faced news vendor, shouting, with all the aplomb of his profession, "Read all 'bout it! Lor' luvaduck, blow me down wiv a fevver! Read all 'bout it!"

This young fellow's eyes blazed with enthusiasm as I asked him to supply me with a copy of the *News Chronicle*. "You're a gent, an' no mistake, guv," he beamed as I supplied him with the requisite pennies, "Read all 'bout it! Read all 'bout it! 'Enny, 'enny 'enny ol' iron!"

My actor's eyes and ears, which are, I regret to say, relentlessly active, soaked in his every mannerism, his every word, his every misplaced vowel. I planned to place this charming fellow in the vaults of my imagination, to be brought out to the delight of international audiences — many of them including royalty and world leaders — at some future date. Or should I paint a picture of him? Or create a musical around him? Or bring him to life in an original novel? I am, I'm sorry to admit, lumbered with a grievous number of talents, so much so that I sometimes find it hard to know which to turn to first! Perhaps, I thought, I should seek the advice of the effortlessly charming young 'bloke' from whom I had just purchased my *News Chronicle*.

"Read all 'bout it! Chim-chim-er-nee, Chim-chim-cheroo!" he continued to holler as I approached him once more, his bright blue eyes alive in his grubby face.

"Excuse me, young fellow," I interrupted him. "But I have it in mind to recreate you in a musical, a play, a novel, a short story, on canvas or in an evening of anecdotes. Which, may I ask, would you prefer?"

The cheery young chappie's eyes were ablaze with all the bright luminosity of his cockney forefathers.

"Fuck off, yer smug fat git," he trilled. "Read all 'bout it! Read all 'bout it!"

I remember once, over a rather fine luncheon with Mikhail Gorbachev, telling him how my dear friend the late David Niven had once had cause to introduce me to his old pal John F. Kennedy, who had once awarded me the great compliment of roaring with laughter as I told him of the time I had been entertained to a splendid dinner by Bertrand Russell and the inimitable Charlie Chaplin, and Chaplin had recalled the time he had introduced Winston Churchill to the great Sid Perelman, and I had replied that it reminded me somewhat of the time I had been honoured to present dear Edith Evans to The Queen Mother over a breakfast with Larry Olivier, and Mikhail listened intently, in rapt silence, while I entertained him with a rich variety of facial expressions and impersonations before replying — and I think I have now mastered his accent — "Vot a great pleasure zis is to meet yooo, Meester Ustinov, hev yooo met my vife Raisa?" To which I replied that this sterling introduction reminded me of the time that I was in the White House at a small dinner party including the lovely Maggie Smith and Eleanor Roosevelt, and Frank Sinatra, leaning across to my old chum Jackson Pollock, had said, in that very American voice of his: "Wayle, Meester Pollock, howw doooo yoo dooo?" and of course we all roared with laughter.

What, people are always asking me, I don't know why me in particular, but it is a question they often ask, is my definition of charm? I always like to reply with a line from one of my less well-known plays, *Romanoff and Juliet* (1961), which Mr P. Smith in the Letters column of the *Surrey Advertiser* was good enough to describe as "an enjoyable night out for the family, and why not take in a meal beforehand at the new theatre restaurant, convenient and what's more delicious." "Charm," says Romanoff, "is a five-letter word beginning with 'C' and ending with 'M'!" As you would suspect, this line, which I sometimes deliver with a strong Serbo-Croat accent, can be relied upon to draw roars of laughter, but, I would suggest, it contains a more profound truth which mankind will overlook at its peril.

My particular sensibility takes refuge in laughter as others may take refuge in tears, or in murder, or in suicide. I am burdened with the ability to make others laugh, yet underneath my charming exterior there lies a decent, sensitive (sometimes painfully so) soul who cares for humanity rather too much for his own good and speaks twelve languages fluently as well as having appeared in over thirty five feature films. As Zsa Zsa Gabor once said to me in her strong Hungarian accent: "Peeeder, yoooo hev zooooo metch *telent*. Ze whole verld is in lerf viz yooo. End Peeder, yoooo are zooo *profownt*". Yet what is profundity but a convoluted way of expressing the obvious? My own original aphorisms, if one can call them that, are leavened with humour yet contain, I am told, deep oceans of wisdom. Might I offer you one or two from my forthcoming book, *Pardon My Profundity: The Wit and Wisdom of Peter Ustinov*?

"Too great a preponderance of chefs in the *cuisine* can seriously impair the good flavour of any broth therein created" (1967).

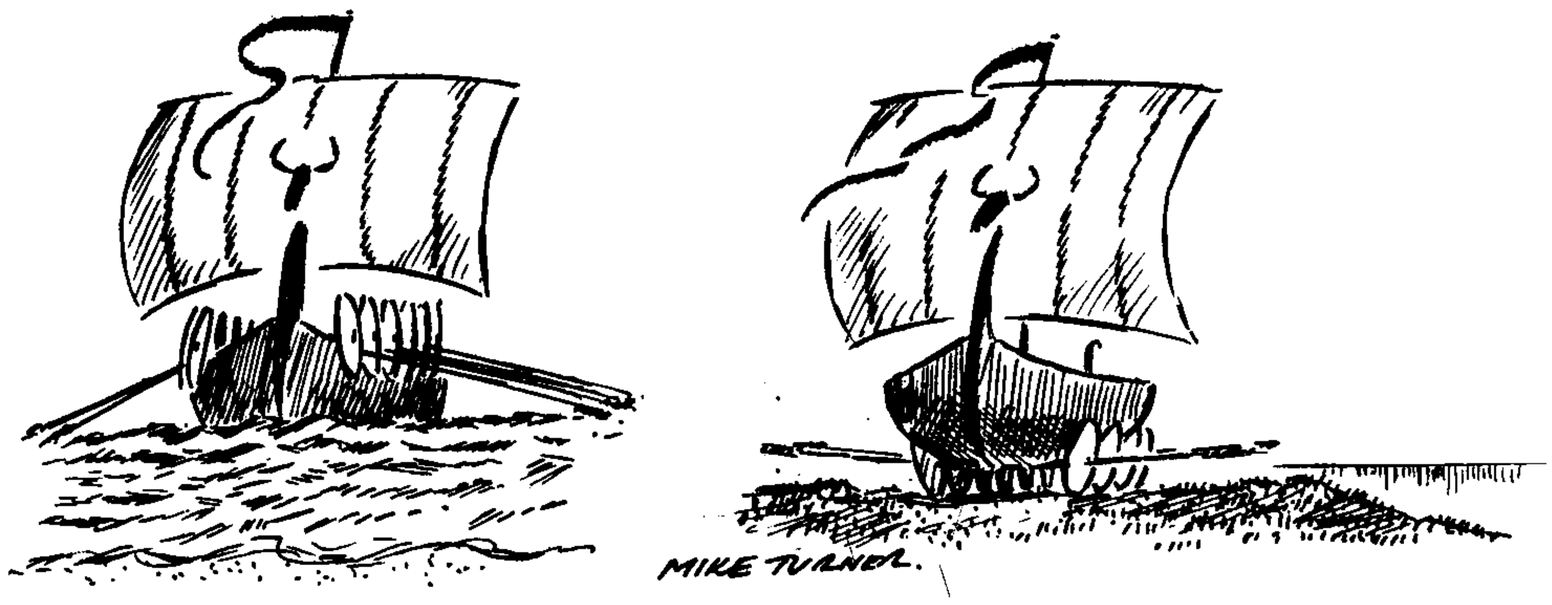
"Those who would embark upon a journey to destinations unknown by means of a single, protracted leap would be well advised to observe the area wherein they propose to land before first casting loose from *terra firma*" (1958).

"It is, when all is said and done, an amusing, not to say comical, and indubitably ancient world upon which we humans seek to live, breathe and make merry". (1981)

Until next time, thank you for your kind applause.

Regulations setting minimum quality standards should be consistent with EC standards although dispensations have been issued by the Secretary of State for the Environment allowing all ten water authorities to continue supplying water which contravenes EC standards. Undertakers will be required to keep records of the quality of water supplied and to conduct regular sampling regimes, the result of which must be publicly available.

European Newsletter
Nabarro Nathanson



Literary Review

Mummy drear

Moon Over Minneapolis: or why she couldn't stay
Fay Weldon
(HarperCollins, £12.99)

THERE ARE, God knows, few enough writers in these unlettered times with any claim to be considered a public figure, but Fay Weldon, sensible, no-nonsense, motherly Fay, is one of them.

For that depressed section of the populace that gets its political opinions from the *Guardian*, its interiors from Habitat and its clothing from Laura Ashley, she remains a potent icon, ceaselessly popping up whether the subject be poor Mr Rushdie (a good thing) or poor Mr Easton Ellis (not necessarily a bad thing) to advise us all on what to think.

But the *writing*, murmurs the respectful student of Eng Lit, what about the *writing*? Well, the writing, on the evidence of this brief collection of short stories, lurches some way behind, back in the dusty rear of the Weldon cavalcade. A small matter of, on the one hand, the material and, on the other hand, the way in which the material gets worked out.

First, the material. *Moon Over Minneapolis*, nominally about women, is by implication about men. Men, it seems clear from this bleak little assemblage of morality tales, are *absolute shits* darling. Men slap you about (Oriole, in the opening number "didn't mind... It was the price, she reckoned, a woman paid for being successful"), men put you in hospital or in the bin, men have a distressing habit of sleeping with your best friend, though presumably it isn't her fault, poor dear, just a result of gender expectation.

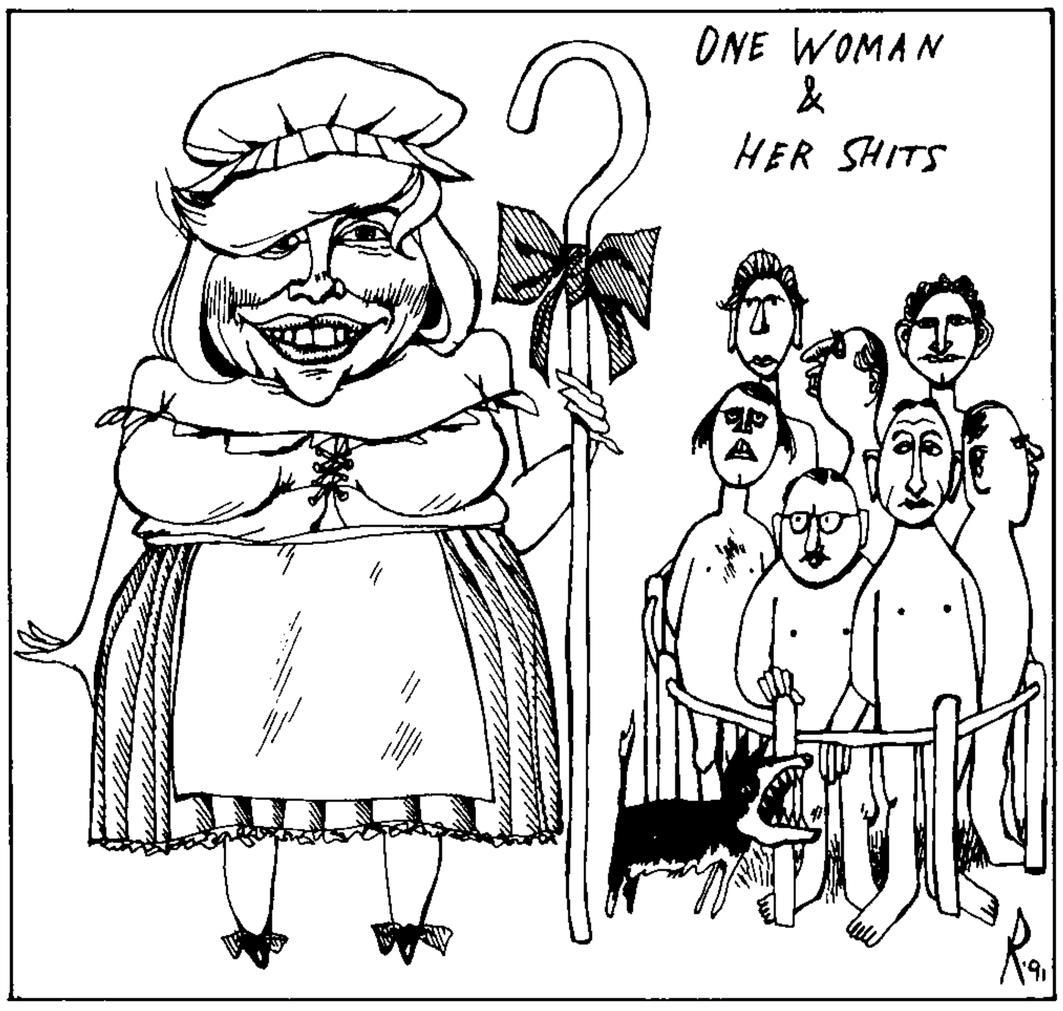
Always the collective focus, you note. Very rarely in a Fay Weldon short story does an individual man misbehave himself, but *en masse* they're bastards, no question. "Men in business had wives to live their lives for them..."

"Men would take Romula's hand..." The most cursory piece of scene-setting is the excuse for another sniper's bullet from the sex war ("Don't forget his wife" Weldon's narrator sternly advises, introducing a story set in Sarajevo where the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand precipitated the First World War, "everyone forgets his wife, the Archduchess"). Even when we come across the most right-on male specimen imaginable, it never works, does it girls? Poor old Erin in "A Visit From Johannesburg" marries a left-wing county councillor, but "in fact he talked about his responses and his feelings so much, and how he could best make amends for the sins of his gender, that she sometimes fell asleep before he got round to sex". Well, you can't have everything.

Chronic partisanship, though, is not quite as culpable as pointlessness. The main disability of Weldon's writing is that everything is rigged, each character in terminal thrall to the conceit around which the story revolves, each opposition cranked up in symmetry with its partner. The characters, consequently, frozen into figurative ice, exist only to act out the roles that the writer assigned to them.

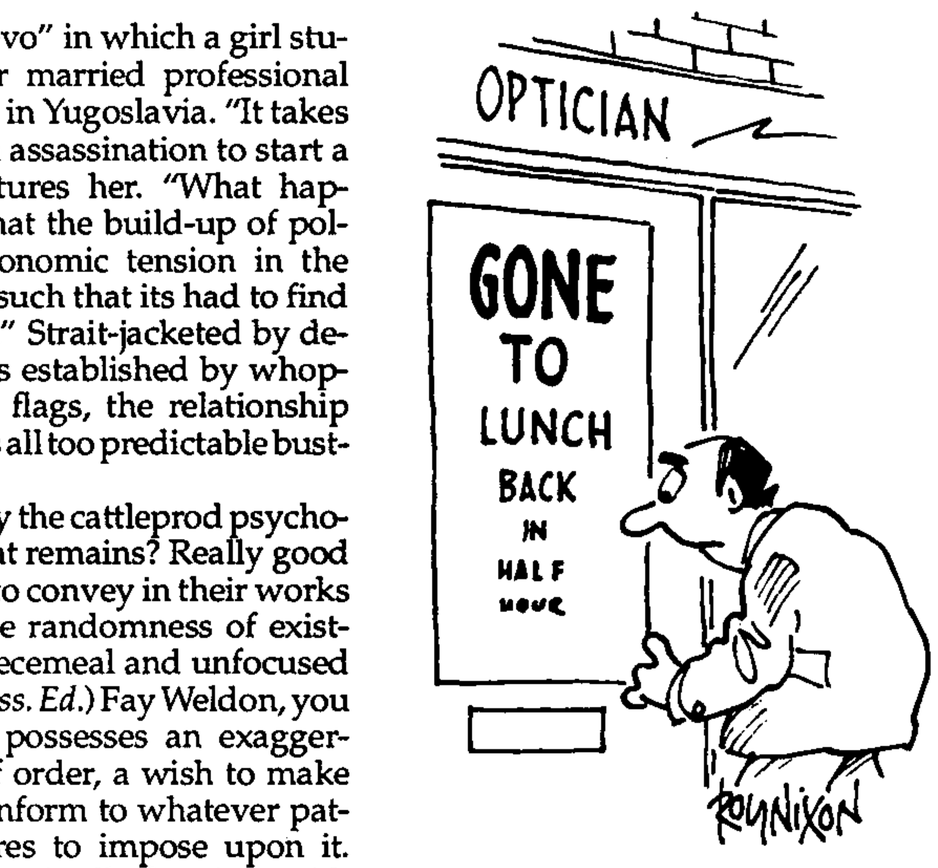
Occasionally, in moments of extreme ghastliness, they even speak symbolically: "We're heading for a crash" says the air-traffic controller who fears his marriage is coming to an end. A good example of this rigid fakery comes in "Ind Aff: or out of love in Sarajevo" in which a girl student and her married professional lover holiday in Yugoslavia. "It takes more than an assassination to start a war," he lectures her. "What happened was that the build-up of political and economic tension in the Balkans was such that its had to find some release." Strait-jacketed by design, parallels established by whopping marker flags, the relationship limps on to its all too predictable bust-up.

Take away the cattleprod psychology and what remains? Really good writers tend to convey in their works a sense of the randomness of existence, how piecemeal and unfocused it all is. (*Discuss. Ed.*) Fay Weldon, you fear, merely possesses an exaggerated sense of order, a wish to make the world conform to whatever patterns she cares to impose upon it. This, of course, is all of a piece with her praiseworthy desire to sound off about Salman Rushdie or in-vitro fertilization. She is Mummy, you see, and Mummy knows best.



Books & Bookmen

☐ *"ARTURO" Eddie Bell, HarperCollins mafia chief, denies that he's trying to sell off the ELT division. He would, though, be more than happy, and "Arturo" likes to be happy, to sell the feminist imprint Pandora for a mere £½m. He's trying to persuade his predecessor, Sonia "Paddington Bear" Land, to add it to her portfolio at the Sheil Land literary agency.*



■ *THERE has been further trouble at the Women's Press, the strife-torn feminist publishing house which — incongruously enough — is owned by a man, seedy Palestinian chocolatier Naim Attallah-Disgusting (Eyes passim). Attallah has been sent a most interesting parcel of documents relating to his two protegées at the Press, Mary Hemming and her lover Carole Spedding.*

The ambitious Hemming engineered the recent dismissal of her boss, Roz de Lanerolle, by revealing that de Lanerolle had been consulted unofficially by another feminist publisher. If it could be shown that Hemming herself had actually been a director of a rival company while simultaneously being employed by Women's Press, there might be a spot of embarrassment for Attallah-Disgusting.

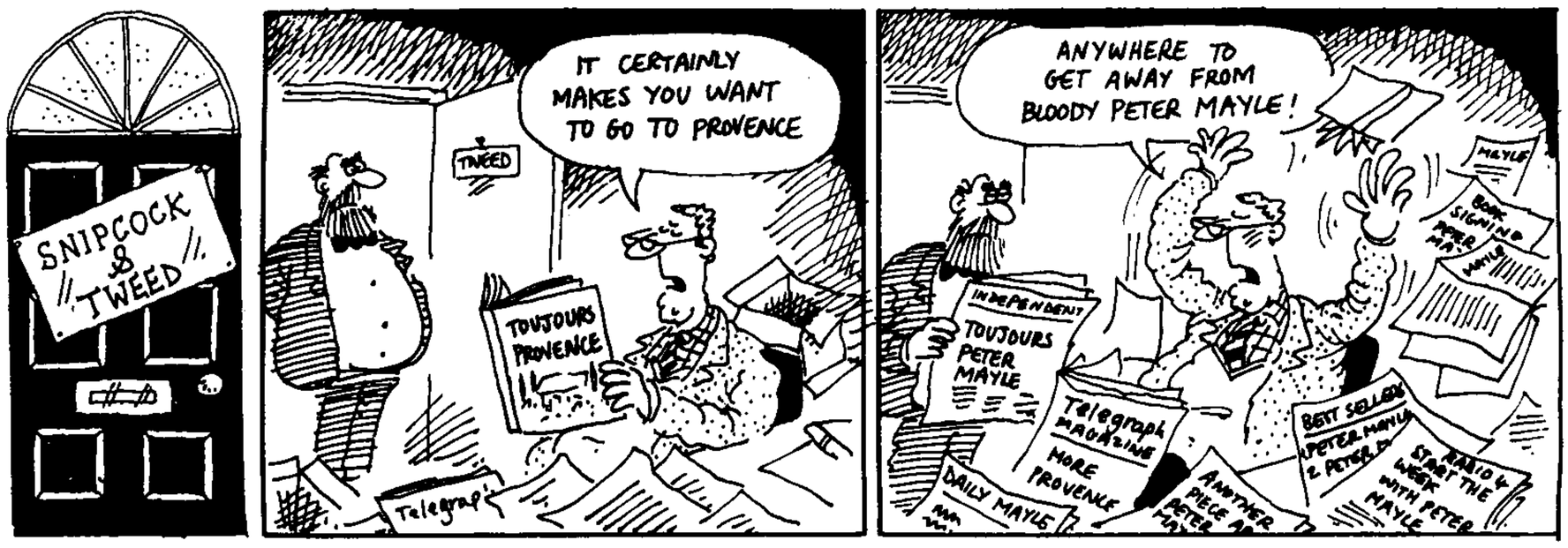
That is precisely what the documents do show. In February 1989 both Spedding and Hemming — who was then sales director of the Women's Press and a member of its board — quietly became directors of a rival firm called Silver Moon Ltd, trading under the name of Beryl's Book Publishing Company. It had been set up by two women called Jane Cholmoley and Sue Butterworth, who worked at Silver Moon bookshop in Charing Cross Road. The purpose of Beryl's Company was to publish lesbian fiction. No one at Women's Press knew of Hemming's involvement with their would-be competitor.

In October 1989 there was a quite amicable parting of the ways between, on the one side, Cholmoley and Butterworth and, on the other, Hemming and Spedding. "It is right that we should resign from the company, as it was yours in the first place," Spedding wrote to Butterworth, on behalf of herself and Mary Hemming. "What is not so clear is what we might decide to do next... ie, whether we go on with a publishing project ourselves." She urged Butterworth to "keep this matter completely confidential" — not least, presumably, because of what Attallah-Disgusting might do if he discovered his sales director's duplicity.

In spite of offering to resign as directors, Spedding and Hemming then refused to sign the necessary forms unless they were paid a handsome "consultancy fee". Meanwhile, they also declined to pay their share of the legal bills the company had incurred. As far as anyone knows, Hemming and Spedding are still both directors of the firm.

The documents proving his employees' moonlighting were sent to Attallah-Disgusting on 26 April by registered post. He has yet to reply.

'Bookworm'



Energy

Hit in the solar plexus

WITH the Government desperate to make friends in the run-up to the election it is making a few last ditch environmental gestures. The latest gesture — an investment in solar power — amounts to little more than two fingers.

It has just voted to spend £250,000 over two years on a programme of research into generating electricity from photovoltaics, according to energy minister Colin Moynihan "a particularly important renewable source of electricity generation with no emissions of pollutants... I am therefore initiating a programme of research without delay."

At the same time, his department has announced a new programme of research into oilfield technology. This is intended to encourage the development of new technologies to explore, evaluate and monitor oil and gas reservoirs — and thus exhaust even more swiftly the remaining stocks of fossil fuel that have taken thousands of millions of years to develop.

For this purpose the Government is to allocate slightly more money: 24 times as much, in fact. It will offer £6 million over five years to help the already fabulously wealthy international oil companies find new and profitable resources to conquer, the only condition being that they put up a similar amount which they won't even notice.

The oil giants were rewarded in the 1990 budget by John Major, then chancellor, whose only positive action was to grant them tax exemption from the cost of clearing away their detritus from the North Sea. This little gift was worth £6,000 million.

No doubt Colin Moynihan will be able to explain to the environmentalists the Tories are trying to woo the logic in giving £6 million to the oil companies to help them make bigger profits by burning oil and gas and adding to pollution and only £250,000 to a new, experimental technology which produces clean electricity and desperately needs support.

RTZ

Unpopular capitalism

ANNUAL general meetings are often dull and courteous, but not at Rio Tinto Zinc (RTZ), perhaps the world's most unpopular mining company and the subject of a revealing new book called *Plunder!* RTZ's latest backslapper at the Queen Elizabeth conference centre in London degenerated into a raucous slanging match.

First into the ring to face the dour but belligerent RTZ chairman Sir Alastair Frame was London's chief Aboriginal stirrer-in-residence, who emerged from a sea of pinstripes to read out a facsimile from the aboriginal Western Desert Land Council in Australia.

The message was far from complimentary and described RTZ's associates Conzinc Riotinto Australia (CRA) as "steamrolling through our land like a cavernous monster" — a reference to the company's uncompromising quest for uranium at Rudall River National Park. Sir Alastair brushed away the accusation as one might brush away a fly.

Following the usual smattering of bootlickers, things started to hot up again as recent visitors to RTZ mining operations in Ecuador (Friends of the Earth and Christian Aid), and Namibia (Namibia Support Group) challenged Sir Shame on his company's damage to the environment and racist employment policies. He retorted that any comments or complaints should be "put in writing".

RTZ subsidiary Rossing Mines was the world's biggest and cheapest uranium producing mining company during the early 1980s thanks to employment policies that were, it was claimed, "akin to slavery", and tax breaks from the South African government.

The grand finale came when an indigenous Filipino who had travelled to London specifically to speak to RTZ about compensation for homes damaged and the bulldozing of sacred sites by another of its subsidiaries (Le Panto/Far South East) was slow handclapped. For a few moments Sir Alastair was inaudible above the outcry as shouts of "racist" echoed around the hall.

The circling bouncers looked uneasy, but the ageing Scot resisted the temptation to close the meeting early in this his last year as chair. Although great fun, this year's meeting wasn't a patch on the 1982 fiasco when police were called for the first time to a British company public meeting to eject the aboriginal delegate and 30 "dissenting" shareholders.

Chernobyl

Fall out? What fall out?

THE LATEST report on the results of the fallout from Chernobyl reads like a sick joke: it says no health health disorders have been found which can be directly attributed to radiation. The problems were all in the mind or else whipped up up by the media.

The authors were no doubt helped in arriving at their conclusion by ignoring the exclusion zone, which covers a radius of 20 miles around the plant and is the worst hit area; and also by ignoring the 100,000 people who were evacuated from the area after the initial release of radiation and the 600,000 "liquidators" who worked on the blazing reactor trying to contain the damage.

The report was written by the International Atomic Energy Agency, a body which says openly that it exists "to accelerate and enlarge the contribution of atomic energy".

One British expert, Dr Barrie Lambert, who lectures on radiation biology at Bart's Medical College and has written an important book on the subject, noted that the report found no increase in thyroid cancer as a result of the exposure.

But he commented: "The doses they quote almost certainly mean there will be an increase in thyroid tumours. They would be expected in maybe 30-40 years' time. You would not expect it after five years. They make ridiculous statements like 'no health disorders which could be attributed directly to radiation have been observed.' Well of course one would not expect any. The group they were looking at is the people outside the exclusion zone — all you would expect to see are small increases over a long period of time."

Dr Lambert was one of many experts not invited to take part in the study.

Popeye

Hip hype

"DON'T believe the hype" — the catchphrase of the 1990s' clubland hipster — was never more apt than when used in reference to the baggy-shirted "scally" culture contrived by Manchester music and media guru Anthony H. Wislon, owner of the notorious Hacienda nightclub.

As predicted by the *Eye* in February when other publications lapped up the club's press handouts and fell for the wringing-hands routine, the Hacienda has now solved the problems of violence that forced its much-publicised closure and has reopened, neatly coinciding with its ninth birthday.

Analysts of modern marketing techniques will immediately recognise the syndrome as that pioneered by Malcolm McLaren with the Sex Pistols in 1976 and 1977: create a near-hysterical demand by removing the supply and contacting would-be hipster journalists.

Wislon shut the Hacienda, described by its sycophantic unpaid publicity legions as the best nightclub in the world, at the end of January after gun-toting drug warlords began to mingle with the venue's peace-and-love aspiring punters. This looked like a fitting finale for the man who brazenly promoted groups named after aspects of Nazi Germany and who claimed his number one hero was Colonel Gaddafi "for his sense of style and achievement".

But now that the law-and-order wallahs believe its expressionist sets are safe for nocturnal socialising and that the gangs will stay in the Bronx (aka Moss Side), the club has reopened: "Our faith in other people's faith in Manchester," according to club spokesman Paul Cons, a former Manchester University student Tory.

When it closed the Hacienda had only just won a reprieve from magistrates who wanted to close it down because of alleged drug-taking. Bizarrely, the police wanted the club to stay open so they could keep tabs on the most violent gangs! With the club closed, the gangs went home two miles south and lit up Moss Side.

But with the spate of gangland, drug-based killings now taking place in Manchester, how long will it be before we find out whether the hoods and their shooters who led to the club's closure constituted a real threat to innocent funsters or were just part of Wislon's legendary panoply of outlaw-chic postures?

Brussels News

Publish and be damned lucky

A NUMBER of unseasonal suntans, developed in the South of France, have recently been spotted in the unlikely surroundings of the European Commission's publications office in Luxembourg.

No doubt the tans will serve to hide the red faces of officials who will be embarrassed by revelations concerning *Saarbrücker Zeitung*, the notoriously right-wing German newspaper which owns most of the publications in south-west Germany and in 1988 won the substantial contract to publish the *Official Journal of the European Communities*.

At the time the author of a cost-effectiveness study recommended that the contract be awarded to a company called Euroscript, rather than to *Saarbrücker Zeitung*, as Euroscript was based in Luxembourg. What was not revealed to him was that Euroscript was a wholly-owned subsidiary of *Saarbrücker Zeitung* and had been set up precisely to win the contract.

But much more worrying is that families of leading public servants in the commission's publications office found themselves the glad recipients of *Saarbrücker Zeitung* shares, and that the continuation of the deal has since been secured by the offer of television sets, Mercedes cars and other essential consumer items to hitherto unrecognised public servants. The suntans were acquired aboard the yacht of *Saarbrücker Zeitung*'s managing director, conveniently moored in the Med.

This cosy arrangement is set to develop now that Euroscript has moved into translation. Having employed a number of largely unqualified translators, the company is making determined bids for lucrative contracts from the commission.

Meanwhile Euroscript is adopting its parent company's beloved practice of union-bashing. Five employees, all members of the socialist OGBL union, have been sacked in recent months in defiance of Luxembourg labour laws. Such treatment would be inconceivable for the European institution's own public servants who enjoy the full protection and privileges of what is known locally as "the golden cage". When the commission busybodies propose advanced labour legislation for the 12, perhaps they should look more closely at the practices of its own "generous" suppliers.

In the City

BANKERS are clearly becoming a very sensitive breed of suit. But then maybe that is not surprising if you have presided over an ever growing list of lending disasters making Third World debt and the seventies property crash seem like the good old days.

Take (please — no charge, there are no buyers), Standard Chartered Bank — the bank that liked to say "yes" to almost everybody with a story to sell. Its motto: "Bring me your hungry dealmakers yearning to borrow freely."

As the tide goes out from the lending excesses of the eighties there are few skeletons on the City beach of which Standard Chartered does not have a piece. Nadir, Walker, Forsyth are just three of the no longer big hitters with now not so hot stocks that Standard Chartered could not get enough of until it choked.

Last week Standard Chartered finally had enough of George "The Prisoner" Walker and with its fellow bankers forced him out as chief executive of Brent Walker. Suddenly it seems the scales have fallen from their eyes and there is life without George. But then when you are £1.5 billion in the hole and going south it does concentrate the mind.

The crisis at Brent Walker, where Standard Chartered is owed at least £150 million, it might have been thought would have been enough to more than occupy chairman Rodney Galpin and his colleagues. But no.

Even as they were requesting that the former Soho gang boss minder should leave the stage or they would pull the plug, the bank's lawyers Theodore Goddard were busily threatening to sue *Private Eye* unless it apologised for and agreed not to repeat certain unflattering comments made in the previous issue about its relationship with Walker.

Shareholders will no doubt be reassured to know that, according to Standard Chartered's lawyers, its loans to Brent Walker "were made with all due prudence". No doubt that explains why it and the other banks could lose up to £500 million of the money they loaned.

Objections were made to suggestions that Standard Chartered had continued to back Walker too enthusiastically after the crisis was revealed last autumn. Well it is hard to believe that Walker would have continued to remain first as chairman and then as chief executive without the support of his biggest banker. But then maybe all the time Standard Chartered were trying to get rid of him but the other banks with smaller exposures wanted to keep him. Walker was clearly mistaken when he said two weeks before he was ousted: "Not one banker has said to me he wants me to go."

In the words of Theodore Goddard, the *Eye*'s allegations had been "highly damaging to our client's reputation". Not as much, however, as lending a combined £200-300 million to Walker and Asil Nadir, the two biggest bust-outs of the Crash of 1990. Nadir, lest we forget, now faces fraud charges involving £25 million of Polly Peck's money. Or not as much as financing the collapsed schemes of would-be leisure tycoon Stephen Forsyth, a man considered too sleazy to own a casino but perfectly fit and proper to borrow £25 to £50 million from Standard Chartered. Not to mention as much as the collapse in profits and share price.

Last Friday the City pages were littered with the news of Walker's sacking and comments like this from the *Financial Times* on the possibility of Brent Walker collapsing into receivership: "The resulting loss would scarcely be affordable by poor old Standard Chartered. But the banks deserve everything they get." Or this from *The Times*: "The banks, probably for the first time in their dealings with Brent Walker, won." So much for reputation.

Despite such plaudits, later that same day, when no apology was forthcoming the bank marched into court, spending shareholders' money to seek to gag the *Eye* with an injunction to limit severely what it can say about the sore subject of George Walker. A partial injunction was granted.

This manoeuvre was perhaps in anticipation of the possibility that with not so Gorgeous George gone, the *Eye* might return to the Brent Walker fray — would that the bank had been as prescient in its lending — and ask embarrassing questions: such as why it took so long to realise that Walker was not the chief executive/manager the bankers wanted or needed.

Private Eye is, however, prepared to justify the comments it has made about Standard Chartered and thus the injunction has now been lifted.

After the sacking of "The Prisoner", Standard Chartered shareholders might consider somewhat more relevant than trying to gag the press the question of when the bankers who allowed him and Nadir to build their debt mountains are going to follow the example of Sir Kit McMahon at Midland Bank and Derek Holden-Brown at Allied-Lyons, and fall on their Mont Blancs and Dunhills?

DO JUDGES take fraud seriously? Part Two: Nicholas Young successfully and consistently swindled some 60 investors, many of these his friends, out of up to £6 million over a period of more than ten years. It was a calculated, premeditated and deliberate fraud committed out of greed, not need, by a man of education and intelligence. For many of his victims the result has been financial ruin.

Sentencing Young, who pleaded guilty, at the Old Bailey last month Judge Michael Astill declared that he had caused "misery and devastation to the lives of some of your victims". Yet the penalty for this crime was just four years imprisonment.

As he has been held in custody for a year, Young can expect to be released in maybe four months' time. Hardly, it might be thought, a deterrent for a particularly mean type of fraud. In the United States such crimes against investors, gullible or not, are seen somewhat differently. Alex "The Fat Man" Herbage of *Eyes passim*-fame received 15 years from a judge in Florida for a similar if larger fraud.

It is rarely if ever that fraudsmen in Britain receive more than seven years, no matter how much they steal or how much damage they cause to their victims. Given the sentence on Young at a "maximum" court like the Old Bailey, it could be very interesting to see what sentence Robert Miller might receive were he to plead guilty to defrauding his Dunsdale clients of £6-7 million when he appears at a "minimum" court like Snaresbrook.

AN INTERESTING case appears in the High Court under the deliberately obscure title of A and Others v B Bank, Bank of England intervening.

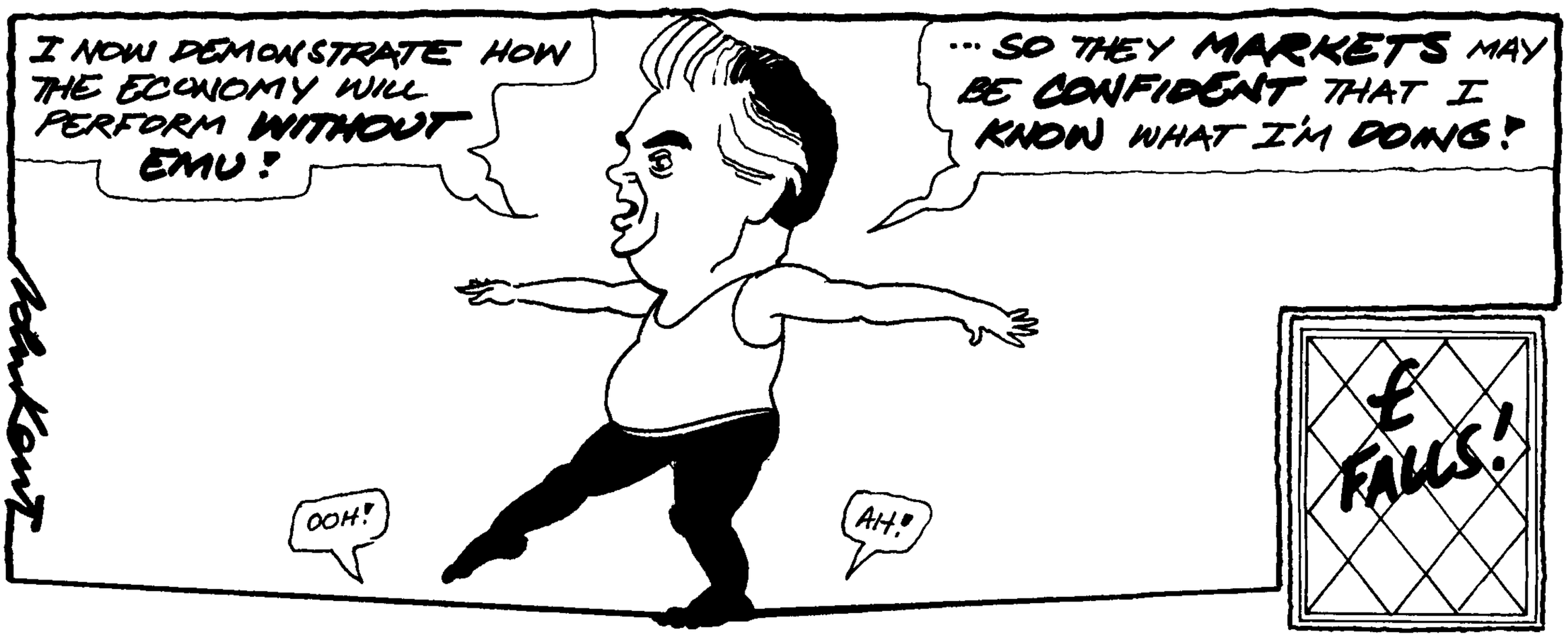
In April the Bank of England sought certain documents from B Bank, a London based bank, in connection with allegations that the bank had made "false and fraudulent statements" to the US Federal Reserve Board.

The Bank of England, as supervisor of B Bank, wanted to investigate these matters which related to the acquisition by B Bank of an American bank holding company in violation of US law.

A and six others had earlier obtained a High Court injunction preventing disclosure of documents relating to that deal or their accounts at B Bank following a subpoena issued by a New York grand jury investigating the deal. B Bank wanted a ruling from the court as to whether it could comply with the Bank of England request. Mr Justice Hirst ruled that it could and should.

All of this presumably has nothing whatsoever to do with Hassan Abedi, founder but no longer controller of the Bank of Credit & Commerce International and the purchase of the First American Bank group which is under investigation in New York. So it cannot mean that the Bank of England may be investigating BCCI with a view to taking away its licence, something it did not do after it pleaded guilty to laundering drug money.

'Slicker'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JOHN KIRK'S mate Dee Generate told Libyan policeman he was a donkey in 1978. Please either Johnny Rotten, the donkey or C. Gadaffi contact to arrange summit meeting with Portuguese jock. Box 12769.

CAPITAINE, hope you're remembering the "Doors". SOUS-FIFRE.

WELSH CUDDLES why won't you do what is necessary? I miss you, I didn't want "to stop talking to you".

FERGUS, happy soliciting. Singapore beckons again.

KNAVE OF HEARTS brought back the tart and vowed never to steal again.

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KIDDIEWINKIES cannot say "No!"

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STUDENT REQUIRES summer work. 071 254 9023.

FITNESS INSTRUCTOR, 24, ex-policeman, wants physical work abroad. British passport, can supply CV. Anything, anywhere considered. Box 0469.

INVESTIGATION AND Research organisation wishing to expand network of agents seeks contact with financial and business investigators, information providers, esoteric information sources, persons with security related abilities. Box 0569.

PERFICK SCOUNDRELS need money, do anything!! Box 0669.

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CONTRIBUTORS SOUGHT for humorous magazine, of fanzine quality initially. No fans of The Damage or Punch need apply, must like the good stuff (the Eye and Viz). Write with ideas. Box 12869.

C.S. LEWIS tv documentary requires major sponsor to complete. Timing is now, unfortunately, extremely urgent. An important programme, a profound man. Please consider seriously. 081 293 5662.

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GREGARIOUS MEN urgently wanted for lavish London dinner parties. This stylish restaurant club has more attractive single business women than men! Call MEET 'N' EAT: 071-629 5534.

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ADULT MAGAZINES bought for cash. 081-340 9668.

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The Writing Bureau

JOURNALIST RESEARCHING into a "Warts-and-all" programme to coincide with RoSPA's (Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents) 75th Anniversary seeks information in strictest confidence on:
1) In 1974 a fully paid up corporate member of RoSPA sought to exercise its legal right under Clause 4 of RoSPA's Constitution to "see the books" and how the huge Department of Transport grant was used.
2) Although supported by local authorities, he was never shown the books, instead the Constitution of RoSPA (after two extraordinary meetings) was changed whereby "no member shall have any right of inspecting any books except as authorised by the Executive Committee..." who numbered in excess of 60 people.
3) There is no record of this in the appropriate Annual Report.
4) The question of submission of Annual Reports (as required under the Charity Act law) to the Charity Commission for the years 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976 and 1977.
5) The Charities Act, Section 32(2) does not authorise the Charity Commission to demand missing Annual Reports more than seven years old to complete their register.
6) Following the MoT's report "The Next Steps — 1989" the RoSPA grant from the MoT (questioned 17 years earlier) was substantially reduced causing yet another financial crisis.
7) An unpublished Memorandum reduced the number of Executive Committee members to eight, but the restriction on members seeing the books still remains.
8) Chairmen of national committees are no longer automatically members of the Executive Committee and complaints that this was unconstitutional were raised but not answered at RoSPA's recent AGM.
9) The lack of information circulated to member companies. Any information would be extremely helpful and treated in strictest confidence.
Please write to Box 0369.

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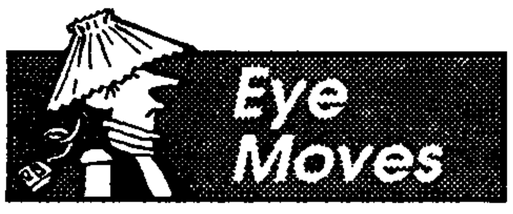

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PUCKISH MALE, 28, seeks Elfin lady for films, theatre and serious rampant passion. London. Box 5569.

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STUNNING bright woman (20s) required for Cambridge ball, dinner, theatre, concerts, etc. Wit essential. Photo desirable, sanity optional. Box 3469.

DERBYSHIRE entrepreneur, thirties, seeks confident lady. Box 3569.

SUCCESSFUL magazine designer, 33, seeks 'mazin lady for strolling around hills, sailing boats, cooking tea, going down the pub and perhaps more. London/Essex. Photo ensures reply. Box 3669.

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT lady, 35, seeks tallish, handsome, professional n/s sincere gent 35-40 for company, conversation and caring relationship. Photo essential. Midlands. Box 3779.

EDUCATED, AMIABLE 40s male seeks attractive female, any status, for sexy friendship. Discretion assured. Few details. Manchester/Cheshire. Box 3869.

BEAUTIFUL, ARTY, electric forty-something woman, still cherishing a bit of 60s liberalism but enjoying the 1990s. Looking for single man of wit, humour, confidence and sincerity. London or Kent. Letter and photo. Box 3969.

SEXY, PRETTY, stylish, adventurous, dotty, supposedly professional intelligent woman sometimes infantile smartypants, 40s, seeks equivalent/complementary male West Mids/Anywhere. Box 4069.

OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE (21) seeks afternoon frolics with 30s lady. Oxford area. Photo please. Box 4169.

HUGGY, ATTRACTIVE man, Sussex Coast seeks small, slim woman for freckle counting. Photo/explanation please. Box 4269.

NORTHWEST/YORKSHIRE, successful mid-30s director, 6ft, slim, good-looking, great sense of humour. Totally unappreciated. Seeks kind, gentle, affectionate friendship/relationship with sympathetic, intelligent lady, 20-40, slim, attractive, with positive outlook. Box 4369.

JOLLY NICE CHAP. Fit, fun, animal-lover, 30, seeks lovely lady 25-35 with wicked sense of humour. Beds/Herts (photo please). Box 4469.

BACHELOR LAWYER youthful 40 seeks glamorous sophisticated educated nonsmoking lady for affectionate, uncomplicated, light-hearted discreet affair. London/South. Photo appreciated. Box 4569.

SINGLE MAN, 40, tall, sensitive, enjoys travel, walks, seeks romantic female. London/Home Counties. Box 4669.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL female, late 30s, Guardian reader, wishes to meet a like-minded, free, solvent man, with sense of humour, for a loving caring relationship. Box 4769.

LAZY BUT LOVABLE slob seeks caring female who wants to be pampered to share cuddles. All letters answered. London area. Box 4869.

VERY! Beautiful tall Newcastle Blonde seeks Billionaire (views to marriage). Box 4969.

DAMSEL IN DISTRESS. Attractive, vivacious, professional, muslim (27), requires rescuing by knight in shining armour, for love within the confines of tradition. Photo/phone no. appreciated. Box 5069.

INTELLIGENT HANDSOME man Londoner 34 5'11" own teeth seeks female company 24-35 photo please. Box 5169.

UNUSUAL SINGLE honest attractive book-loving dog adoring anti-social male, 39, tall slim sensitive historian SMOKER. Seeks slim attractive lady 25-35, London/Home Counties, to see what happens. Photo guarantees reply. Box 6369.

LEGGY, INTELLECTUAL female required for stimulating correspondence and beyond. Bimbos need not apply. Photo optional but long letter essential. Box 5369.

TALL ATTRACTIVE 45 businessman with lots of free time interested to meet discreet romantic lady 26-38 for long term affair. Box 5469.

MALE, 24, graduate (Jersey based) seeks slim, intelligent, 20-30ish, attractive female for some sort of relationship or whatever. Box 5269.

SHY MALE, 39, travelled, solvent, seeks outgoing exhibitionist female, exciting, bubbly lunch. London. Box 6469.

ADVENTUROUS intelligent male mid 30s, looking for slim, uncomplicated female for discreet fun and cuddles. Berks/Bucks area. Box 6569.

UNDERGRADUATE BORED with girls, seeks woman for enlightenment. Photo/letter appreciated. Box 6669.

I LOVE SEX but missing out so come on ladies make bachelor farmer, 55, looking for a young wife, smile. Let's share life. Northampton area N/S. Photos returned. Box 6769.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, so should you. Stuff the stigma. Best letter gets dinner with lovely, lively leggy blonde (31) Fulham. Box 6869.

LADY GOLFER wanted by good-looking tall tied fair man, early 50s, in Surrey. If you can play a bit, and are youngish, attractive, and available to play a round each week with wining and dining thrown in afterwards, drop me a line with photo and phone no. Box 6969.

SIXTY YEARS OLD egalitarian male seeks 35 plus female for business friendship venture on 65' motor vessel in Med. Some cash required. Box 7069.

PROFESSIONAL FEMALE mid-20s, new to Northeast, seeks entertaining, literate (Armistead Maupin, Jane Austen), nonsmoking, rich male for culture and complicity. Beardless but not bald please. Box 7169.

SMART BUSINESSMAN, 34, with weekday London apartment, affectionate, considerate, seeks lady friend. Box 7269.

Replying to a PRIVATE EYE Box Number? Address your reply to: Private Eye Smalls 6 Carlisle Street London W1V 5RG with the BOX NUMBER on the top line.

BIRMINGHAM professional man, 40s, seeks lady for loving and caring relationship, fun, guaranteed total discretion. ALA. Box 5669.

OWN MIND, own flat, own hair: London man, 44, loves painting, writing, singing, sun, theatre, freedom, seeks lively younger woman. Box 5769.

SINGLE MUM, 36, very attractive, petite, blonde (one child) seeks single Dad to make life complete. Box 5869.

LADY GRADUATE, professional, attractive, slim, outgoing, seeks similar gentleman, 35+. Photo please. Staffordshire, North-West Midlands. Box 5969.

I AM 26 and it is 5 years since anyone said I love you. Yet I am 6'2" with eyes of blue and a county squash player. Deep into pop music (probably my biggest drawback), non-smoker, non-drinker (probably my second biggest drawback). don't even send a photo. Just write. You will get my photo by return and we'll take it from there. Box 6069.

GENTLE, SHYISH, kind, but non-train-spotting male (26) seeks caring non-smoking lady to share assorted arts, nights out, fondness. Bath/Bristol area. Box 6169.

MALE GRADUATE, 32, slim, stranded and sand beaten in Saudi Arabia seeks warm, witty, attractive, slim, self-efficient young lady for love, laughter, passion, perhaps marriage. Photo reciprocated. Box 6269.

GRADUATE, PROFESSIONAL, 6'1", 36, incurable romantic despite divorce is looking for longterm relationship with very long-haired, intelligent woman who appreciates good things. Country rather than town and a liking for books, classical music and good food an advantage, sense of humour and emotional maturity a must. All letters answered, photo appreciated. North of England/Yorkshire/anywhere. Box 7369.

LOOK! Attractive, slim, fair, woman, thirties, warm, humorous, career established, seeks unattached male for fun, love, home life. Midlands. Photo please. Box 7469.

MALE, 45, married, 6'2" professional closet naturist. Seeks lady for trips to the beach. Cornwall. Box 7569.

YOUNG, 51 YEAR OLD male, tall, slim, articulate, non-smoking, professional. Own hair and teeth. Seeks honest, friendly female to share fun and socialising. London, SE. Photo welcomed. Box 7669.

I'M A 34 year old single professional, enjoying life in London, but feeling the lack of male companionship for socialising, classical music, travel, good food and country walks. Box 7769.

ARTICULATE, ATTRACTIVE cultured woman, 44, seeks similar unattached caring male, Newcastle. Box 7869.

VIBRANT MONA LISA 31 wants to meet her Leonardo for lots of smiles in North East. Box 7969.

HEDONISTIC entrepreneurial male 30 something seeks floozie 20 something to revitalise passion and desires love blues must. West Yorks area. Can accommodate. Box 8069.

More than one Box Number reply? Write the numbers on each envelope and put them all in a larger envelope addressed to us marked "BOX NUMBER REPLIES"

SEX, CYBERNETICS and me, male 43, what do they have in common? SE. Box 9169.

KIND, SOLVENT gent, 50s, seeks gentle Juno 46-58 for laughter, food, drink, love. Bristol S.West. Letter, photo appreciated. Box 9269.

GIRLFRIEND REQUIRED by posh bloke, 27. London, Surrey. Box 8169.

MALE 31 new to Lancs. Humorous pretty female native guide wanted. Box 8269.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 32, single, kind, easy-going and loyal seeks attractive, honourable, intelligent lady (25+) for outings, romance and fun. London/SE. Photo, phone number appreciated. Box 8369.

SINGLE MALE professional 30 seeks attractive intelligent humorous lady for correspondence friendship/romance. Photo/phone number appreciated. Box 8469.

MAROONED in Isle of Man. Solvent, entertaining, no ties (53). Can't decide between buxom lass with horse or smart professional London woman with flat for weekend visits, holidays, whatever. Reply with everything to gain. Box 8569.

PRESENTABLE MALE, 47, (mentally 27) divorced but solvent, considerate, funny and kind seeks feminine lady with sense of humour for visits to the theatre, cinema, pubs, restaurants, etc. West Kent/London. Photo and phone no. please. Box 8669.

MILLIONAIRE, easy-going, semi-retired, 54, 6', English, seeks attractive intelligent sexy lady share luxurious life-style (London apartment, Spanish house, yacht). Letter, photo please. Box 8769.

DERELICT PRINCESS seeks practical Blacksmith to enjoy Twin Peaks and Mozart. Please send amusing letter. Box 8869.

ARE YOU A professional gentleman, 50+, with own practice, in need of a wife-lover-best friend? I am said to be very attractive, although fifty, you will be pleasantly surprised! Box 8969.

ARE YOU A female, vegetarian, funny, happy, intelligent, possible traveller? Male, 21, with own Postman Pat lunchbox, probably hippy, needs you for mutual mental stimulation. Looks totally unimportant. Box 9069.

ATTRACTIVE, TALLISH blonde, 40s, broke, outrageous, loving, sincere needs wealthy, caring, humorous man for blissful, exciting life, maybe forever. Photo. Box 9369.

BORING MALE, 38, 6', slim, non-sporty, non-arty, non-alcoholic, attractive, into reading, pottering, whisky, tv, lust, monogamy, seeks pretty female long-term (London). Box 9469.

EGYPTOLOGIST/WRITER, in recuperation, 29, intelligent, handsome, seeks the beautiful, wealthy, young, goddess Isis to ignite the spark of inspiration within. Photo please. Box 9569.

WHITE KNIGHT, 26, attractive graduate, ex-Marines officer now very successful businessman with large house in the country seeks princess to rescue. Must be 20-25, beautiful, intelligent and very loving, to ensure fairytale ending. Photo please, Midlands area. Box 9669.

GOOD-LOOKING Anglo/Swiss Italian millionaire, bored of his surroundings. Strong-willed nature but kind and considerate to that devout 20-24 very good looking blond who yearns for that special bond. Recent photos and phone no. appreciated. Box 9769.

YOUNG, CLASSY MALE (26) seeks middle class older woman. Box 9869.

OVERWORKED SOLICITOR, 36, West London seeks lady to unwind with at dinner and theatre. Photo appreciated. Box 9969.

SINGLE MALE, 31, seeks unattached lady for uncomplicated relationship. London/Surrey. Box 10069.

BRIGHT AMIABLE man, erudite, Eurasian-Christian, single, n/s; likes music/books/arts... seeks warm, attractive woman (blue-eyed brunette, 25-30s). London/Elsewhere. Box 10169.

FUN-LOVING CHRISTIAN educated divorcée seeks similar tall gentleman for devoted permanent relationship age 55-65. Photograph appreciated. Midlands. Will travel. Box 10269.

ATTRACTIVE, CARING female seeks successful, kind gentleman, 40-50, for love and laughter. Please write with photograph (Yorkshire). Box 10369.

ENGLISHMAN (43) solvent, healthy, reliable, into food, travel, golf, fun and laughter seeks slimmish lady, 30-40, for outings and romance within 25 miles M3. Phone/photo ensures reply. Box 10469.

GOOD-LOOKING worldly man, 38, desires interesting sporty woman with whom he can reciprocate passion, humour and commitment. Photo appreciated. Northants-ish. Box 10669.

SINGLE, ATTRACTIVE plump female creative 23 seeks company and cuddles with educated easy-going male 25 plus. Photo appreciated. Box 10569.

LADY BANKER, 30, seeks male for discreet fun. Box 11369.

PROFESSIONAL but fun-loving 35 year old single woman, wide variety of interests, seeks unattached male with good sense of humour for loving friendship. Discreet fun seekers or Sun readers need not apply. (This is written by her friend because she deserves the best!) Box 10769.

STUD-U-LIKE seeks merger with vitamin enriched three course meal on heels. Edible or hilarious menu please. Box 10869.

HANDSOME, WITTY successful separated guy, 42, seeks female 30-40 with lie-detector. Bucks/SE. Box 10969.

ROMANTIC REALIST — sense of absurd. Lady, forties, occasionally found fascinating (London/West Country), needs witty adventurous younger playmate. (Unsuitable gigolos, smokers, computer men.) Photo. Box 11069.

SIXTYISH MALE seeks occasional female companionship for flat-heel pleasures, walking, National Trust or similar days out, mildly intellectual interests. I am six feet, healthy, vigorous, non-smoker. Herts/Essex and mobile. Box 11269.

IRRESISTIBLE, charming, modest male, forties, seeks stunning lady, 30s, soh for new life Kenya. Photo please (Guildford). Box 11169.

ENTREPRENEUR, currently between millions and wives needs attractive intelligent female under 40 to remind him there is more to life than money. Photo guarantees reply. Box 11469.

BRADFORD/WEST YORKS, lawyer, 32, seeks reasonably attractive woman. Aim: pleasant times. Box 11569.

MALE, 44, bored with keep fit wishes to meet attractive like-minded female for fun outings. Photo appreciated. Box 11669.

ATTRACTIVE BRUNETTE seeks articulate intelligent humorous generous spirited male graduate, 39-59, interests theatre, walking, the arts, architecture. Photo please. Cheshire. Box 11769.

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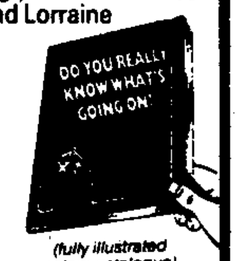

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